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William Cobbett: an extremist all round

'A KIND OF FOURTH ESTATE IN THE POLITICS OF THE COUNTRY'



JAMES SAMBROOK:
William Cobbett
224pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.20 (paperback, £1.60).

PIERCE W. GAINES:
William Cobbett and the United States 1792-1835
A Bibliography with Notes and Extracts
249pp. Worcester, Mass: American Antiquarian Society. $17.50.

When G. K. Chesterton wrote his brief biography of William Cobbett in 1926, he called the first chapter "the revival of Cobbett". In his second sentence he remarked characteristically that, when he had first been planning the book only a short time before, he had contemplated using the word "neglect" instead of "revival".

There is no evidence to suggest that Chesterton changed his mind because of the appearance two years earlier of G. D. H. Cole's still standard life of Cobbett. He was influenced rather, he stated, by the "revival of things that Cobbett wished to revive", such things as liberty, England, the family, the honour of the yeoman and so on". This was a curious observation to make in the year of the General Strike, and it seemed to place Cobbett very firmly on the side of Baldwin rather than of the Labour Movement. Yet in his conclusion Chesterton rightly undermined such an interpretation. Although Cobbett had been by nature an anti-Jacobin, until his opponents created a Jacobin out of him, he defied obvious classification. In this connexion Chesterton observed that:

> When it can be said of a man that the Tories thought him a Radical, and the Radicals thought him a Tory, the first thing that will occur to us is that he is a moderate. It can truly be said of Cobbett; and the very last thing that would occur to anybody would be to call him a moderate. He was not only the reverse of a moderate, he was something that would be utterly bewildering to any moderate. He was an extremist all round. He was more Tory than most Tories, and more Radical than most Radicals.

Such a political phenomenon would have been more intelligible in 1936 than in 1926, and in his interesting new study of Cobbett James Sambrook acknowledges in his epilogue that a man of Cobbett's "character, tastes, opinions and abilities" might well have become "a Fascist leader" in the twentieth century. There was certainly an element of bluff in his character, along with bullying and vindictiveness. His "tastes and opinions" were potent compounds of prejudices, even if—or, indeed, just because—they were for the most part popular prejudices, and his abilities, while distinctive and outstanding, were circumscribed. Yet he was surely too independent of spirit to have rested content for long with any system of authority, traditional or contrived, and his extremism was related not only to his temperament but to the extraordinary transformations through which English society was passing during his lifetime. Cole emphasized this aspect of him when he called him "the tribune of the transition".

In very recent years there have been far more signs of a "Cobbett revival" than there were during the 1920s and 1930s, and labour historians, in particular, have tried hard to place him in perspective. They have been less concerned in the process to revive any of the particular "things" which Chesterton listed in his biography than to identify and to establish Cobbett's historical role. Raymond Williams dealt with him briefly in *Culture and Society* and has dealt with him again—very sympathetically—in *The Country and the City*, while E. P. Thompson gave a most illuminating account of him in *The Making of the English Working Class*. It was certainly not Cobbett's character or tastes and opinions which appealed to Mr Thompson, but his genius in stimulating righteous discontent. Mr Thompson might have quoted one of his favourite witnesses, Colonel Fletcher of Bolton, who sent a letter to the Home Office including the phrase "Cobatt hath done more with his Twopenny papers than any Thousand beside him." Instead he quoted Hazlitt's more detailed comment that already by the end of the wars against France Cobbett had become "a kind of Fourth Estate in the politics of the country".

Cobbett could rouse or shock, and like modern media of communications he seemed to be ubiquitous. You could not easily secure immunity from him, since his name was on everyone's lips. "The Reformers read him when he was a Tory", wrote Hazlitt, "and the Tories read him now that he is a Reformer." Long after his influence had faded and England had passed through its unprecedented social transformation, he could still be singled out in F. Knight Hunt's mid-Victorian book on *The Fourth Estate*, dedicated to the journalists of England and their "constant readers". Hunt directed attention to the *weekliness* of the *Weekly Political Register*. It appeared, he said, "with punctuality worthy of the man who boasted of his early rising and exact mode of life". Mr Thompson at a different stage in the communications revolution has emphasized the nature of the process of communication: "Cobbett's ideas can be seen less as a one-way propagandist flow than as the incandescence of an alternating current between his readers and himself." Whereas Chesterton had written that there never was a Cobbettite except Cobbett, Mr Thompson quoted Cobbett himself: "I always say that I have derived from the people . . . ten times the light that I have communicated to them."

If Cobbett is to be understood as a journalist—and the kind of pioneering journalist who in the very act of reporting galvanized people's ways of thinking and feeling—his American experience must be carefully assessed. Though he liked to think of himself as supremely English—"I am the weight of a four bushel sack of wheat"—he none the less served as a soldier in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick from 1785 to 1791 and lived in the United States from 1793 to 1800—a career within a career—and from 1817 to 1819. Before he was editor of a weekly he was a pamphleteer. *A Bone to Gnaw* and *A Kick for a Bite* introduced Peter Porcupine to his first readers. It was on American soil, therefore, that Cobbett's Englishness was first cultivated. Much else was cultivated also, including the very earthiness:

> Everyone will, I hope, have the goodness to believe, that my grandfather was no philosopher. Indeed he was not. He never made a lightning rod nor bottled up a single quart of sun-shine in the whole course of his life. He was no almanac-maker, nor quack, nor chimney-doctor, nor soap-boiler, nor ambassador, nor printer's devil; neither was he a deist, and all his children were born in wedlock.

Cobbett's dislikes are always easier to catalogue than his likes, but behind every category in this early list of 1796 there was a real individual. From the start Cobbett personalized both political and social issues. He did not deal easily, as Thomas Paine did, in abstractions. He also pursued personal vendettas in print. The Bradfords, his first publishers, were attacked as heartily as Jefferson or Rush. "This *hatter-turned printer*", he remarked of Samuel Bradford, for instance, "this sooty-fisted son of ink and urine, whose heart is as black and foul as the liquid in which he dabbles, must have written, if he did write [*The Impostor Detected*], at the special instinct and request of his father." No wonder that Abigail Adams, the wife of the President, said of the young Cobbett that "there is a strange mixture in him. . . . He can write very handsomely, and he can descend and be as low and vulgar as a fishwoman."

There are dashes of Swift in the early Cobbett pamphlets, but usually the tone is unmistakably Cobbett's own. He is passionately preoccupied with himself, and assumes without any hesitation that his readers will be just as interested. *The Life of Peter Porcupine* is proclaimed as "a sure and infallible guide" to others. Years later Hazlitt was to explain that Cobbett's egotism was delightful, "for there is no affectation in it". Years later, too, Cobbett himself was to seek to justify his preoccupation with himself on the grounds that he personally had forced the British Government to carry successive Acts to raise the tax on newspapers and periodicals and to tighten the law of seditious libel. "That man cannot be guilty of egotism, to check the progress of whose writings a total

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revolution has been made in the laws of a great kingdom." In America there was no need for such elaborate justifications. It was enough that Cobbett was a true patriot in an alien land, the Englishman who in his most celebrated gesture opened his Philadelphia bookshop with an exhibition of "aristocratic portraits" (including kings, bishops, admirals and judges) and anti-Democratic cartoons.

In a careful and scholarly annotated bibliography Pierce Gaines has set out all the known details of Cobbett's American writings, supplementing at every point Morris Pearl's useful bibliographical account of Cobbett's life and times of 1954, which did not purport to be definitive. *William Cobbett and the United States* contains extracts from Cobbett's writings in America, chosen sensibly both for their content and their tone, and it should be read alongside Mary Elizabeth Clark's *Peter Porcupine in America* (1939). Not the least valuable part of the book is a section on "Cobbett-related pamphlets", all of them as polemical as Cobbett's own, some of them equally personalized: "Those who know him will judge whether a man who has once seen his carrotty head and Drawcansir face could ever forget him"; "This reptile dictates to the government in a style infinitely more authoritative than that of either the last or present President of the United States."

Cobbett switched from pamphlets to periodicals in the United States, but Mr Gaines, like Dr Sambrook, reminds us that Cobbett also wrote books. He was at least as egotistical about these as he was about his political activities. "When I am asked what books a young man or woman ought to read", he wrote later in his life in an advertisement, "I always answer, let him or her read *all the books that I have written*. This does, it will be doubtless said, *smell of the shop*. It is what I recommended". The advertisement included an appropriately catchy slogan: "Here is a stock of knowledge sufficient for any young man in the world." Since the professed object of the "Routledge Author Guides", of which Dr Sambrook's is one, is to cross disciplinary dividing lines—not only history and literature but philosophy, political science and sociology are also specifically mentioned—it is worth examining Dr Sambrook's assessment of Cobbett's claim to be not only a fourth estate in himself but also, despite his scepticism about conventional education, a kind of one-man Open University.

It should be noted that Dr Sambrook does not confront this claim head-on. The main interdisciplinary connexion in his book is the very familiar one between history and literature, and he is obviously more concerned with what happened before Cobbett than with what came after him. He is sketchy also on the events of 1830 to 1832. Turning to Cobbett's books, he deals briefly with *Le Tuteur anglais* and is critical of Cobbett's *Grammar* which, as he says, confuses prosody with pronunciation and etymology with accidence. Cobbett's references to the "learned languages", he remarks, "display nothing but philistine contempt". So far as political economy is concerned, he observes sharply (in one of the least interdisciplinary sections of his book) that Cobbett's *Paper Against Gold* never uses "economists' jargon" except to make fun of it: Cobbett felt that it was enough to declaim comprehensively against "this vile paper money and funding system, this system of Dutch descent, begotten by Bishop Burnet and born in Hell". Dr Sambrook is more favourably disposed towards the farming books, including those based on Cobbett's American experience, though he does not say enough about the advertising element in Cobbett's attack on potatoes and his zealous advocacy of Indian corn. He explains that *Cottage Economy* even got a favourable notice from Brougham in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. Cobbett's own review, as usual, took the form of an open advertisement: "It must be a real devil in human shape, who does not applaud the man who could sit down to write this book, a copy of which every *parson* ought, upon pain of loss of ears, to give to every girl that he marries rich or poor". On Cobbett's own "sermons" Dr Sambrook notes both the appeal to old versions of Christian morality and the horrifying anti-semitism, particularly in the last of the sermons, "Good Friday; or the Murder of Jesus Christ by the Jews". He also quotes Cobbett once again on himself. "I have done more in the cause of *morality* and real religion, than I believe to have been done by all the parsons within the kingdom within the last hundred years."

Dr Sambrook has a lower opinion of the *History of the Protestant "Reformation"*, than Chesterton, and he acknowledges both the general blindness and the occasional perceptiveness in some of Cobbett's comments on literature. Neither Chesterton nor Cole talked of Cobbett's liking for Pope, "the brightest genius that England ever produced". Dr Sambrook does. He also explains why Cobbett, the quintessential Englishman, who identified himself not only with best wheat but with best beef, dismissed Shakespeare, not to speak of Milton. On *Tom Jones* Cobbett was as scathing as any of his hated Evangelicals might have been, associating it with *The School for Scandal* as one of a range of books calculated "to cause young people to despise all those virtues, without the practice of which they must be a curse to their parents, a burden to the community, and must, except by mere accident, lead wretched lives".

After reading passages of this kind it is not difficult to see why Samuel Smiles included a paragraph on Cobbett in *Self-Help*. Cobbett attached immense importance, as Chesterton emphasized, to marriage and to family life. He loved giving advice to "ordinary people" as well as to politicians. He held that industry was more of a useful quality than intelligence, and that nature taught more than books, including his own. When he described what he saw in fields, hedges, farms and villages, he described directly and with a sharpness of vision. Dr Sambrook quotes many passages which were not quoted by Dr Williams to illustrate Cobbett's intense appreciation of scenes and places, particularly, but not exclusively, those associated with his own childhood in "youth's golden gleam".

He draws the right comparisons with Rousseau and Wordsworth, Thomas Bewick and Gilbert White, and enables the kind of interested general reader to whom his book is addressed to read *Rural Rides*, the one book of Cobbett which is never neglected, with added insight and understanding. As he says, all is connected in *Rural Rides* not formally but in Cobbett's consciousness, particularly when he draws on the landscape of memory as well as the landscape he sees before him:

"Nothing is so swift ... runs over a lifetime ... Cobbett can start with ... field where he used as a child and go on to ... failing "wonder" ... that has happened ... only to himself but ... In his meditations he ... at once of this advantage ... restraints. Had he ... at the plough tail ... have become "as ... inefficient a mortal ... frivolous idiots that ... from Winchester and ... School, or from any of ... dunces called Colleges ... sities". Yet why, ... been necessary for "a ... so wrapped up in every ... ting to the gardens, ... the woods" to be ... waste "amidst the ... and the strife of cities"?

Cobbett believed ... "naturally" as well ... naturally. "Use the first ... occur to you", he told ... in his Grammar, ... attempt to *alter a thought* ... which has come of its ... mind is likely to ... another more readily ... effect than anything ... by reflection, invent ... this advice himself: ... States as a young ... critic, "When I see ... with a metaphor, I ... anxiety as I do when ... playing with a razor" ... there is little metaphor ... fields and sandhills ... bols, and the greatest ... is the garden where ... began. At Waverley ... nectarines, apricots ... never failed", and ... was the neatest spot ... "and I believe in the ... There could be no ... beginnings, although ... his struggles Cobbett ... sistently that he ... wish—"that I enjoy ... and few fields may ... great in the world, ... trious, laborious, kind ... people as happy as ... I was born".

There is always ... vision, and there may ... kind of Cobbett ... future as a post-indus ... looks back to the pre ... present, however, ... will turn to Cobbett ... caught up inextricably ... of Fourth Estate" ... politics of the agricultural ... dustrial revolutions. " ... us not to chop blocks ... Any *edge*-tool is too ... like this." "Moderate ... expression which ... criticized by asking ... using it how they ... meet *moderate chastity*"

Recovering in Hospital

I'm fortunate, I have a room at the front
facing the garden, filled with bright
wintery light. The curtains just drawn back reveal
hoar-frost has crisped the lawn. The white

blades wait for the morning sun to steal
their brightness. Nurses going off duty fill
the fountain with warm water. They feel
the cold and hug their cloaks as they drop the crumbs.

The trees hold no birds, the sky is innocent,
yet as the nurses leave they appear.
First the pair of collared doves who perch to drink,
then sparrows come, peck in peace, and here

the starlings fly in fast, each eye-chink
in their chainmail a challenge. They scatter
the sparrows in arrogance, who link
up at once behind. The meek don't inherit

the earth, it's clear, in the natural world either,
their fall is never numbered. And pain,
however borne, pointless. I put up better
with mine, knowing this, and shall again.

ALBERT ROWE

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All that the scholar could want

E. M. FORSTER:
Howards End
Edited by Oliver Stallybrass
...4pp. £4.75.

The Manuscripts of Howards End
Edited by Oliver Stallybrass
...0pp. £15.
Edward Arnold.

Howards End is the first of Forster's novels to appear in the new Abinger Edition, as Volumes 4 and 4A. Not many years ago, the reason for choosing this novel would have seemed obvious to many of Forster's admirers: it should appear first because it is the best. Lionel Trilling thought so (though one gathers he has since revised his estimate), and even Forster—persuaded perhaps by his most brilliant critic—came to think so, too: "*Howards End* my best novel", he wrote in his diary in 1958, and with characteristic self-deprecation added, "and approaching a good novel". Probably not many readers would place it quite at the top now; a good novel, certainly, but heavy with the liberal sentimentality that sometimes passed for thought in Forster, and seriously flawed by his inability to deal with the central issue of men, women, and sex.

It may be, though, that it appears now for a quite different reason: because it is textually the most untidy of Forster's books. It has been published in this country by two firms, and in America by three, and by Oliver Stallybrass's account no two of these texts are the same. Furthermore, the King's College manuscript differs in thousands of details—354 pages of them—from the published versions. What Mr Stallybrass offers, then, is a *new text*, not identical with any previously published version, and one that will presumably become the standard one.

One may as well begin with Mr Stallybrass's introduction. It is devoted principally to describing, with the aid of Forster's diaries, the stages by which the novel was composed, and Forster's feelings about it before and after publication. A number of the quoted diary entries are of considerable interest for their illumination of Forster's private thoughts while he was engaged in writing. This one, for example, inspired by the flight of an airplane in 1908:

> It is coming quickly, and if I live to be old I shall see the sky as pestilential as the roads. It really is a new civilization. I have been born at the end of the age of peace and can't expect to feel anything but despair. Science, instead of freeing man—the Greeks nearly freed him by right feeling—is enslaving him to machines . . . God what a prospect! The little houses that I am used to will be swept away, the fields will stink of petrol, and the airships will shatter the stars. Man may get a new and perhaps a greater soul for the new conditions. But such a soul as mine will be crushed out.

This points directly to the dejected core of the novel—the motor cars, the red rust of London, the telegrams and anger that were so hateful to Forster's soul. *Howards End* is, more than anything else, a revelation of such a soul: gentle, timorous, loving the Greeks for their right feeling, and fearing and distrusting the modern, mechanical, commercial world.

In another diary passage dated 1909 Forster records a talk with a businessman:

> He was prone to think "real life" meant knowledge of finance; but he made me see how wide an abyss opens under our upper class merriment and culture.

That last phrase may seem a bit unfortunate now, but it does describe the life that the Schlegels, in their modest way, live; and between that life and the new civilization, stinking of petrol and money, there could be no bridge. Seen in those terms, the novel's epigraph, "Only connect . . ." seems a vain, disconsolate wish—a view that the novel supports.

The introduction is revealing in other ways as well. It is interesting, if not surprising, to learn that Forster's mother was shocked by the novel (though Mr Stallybrass is apparently not aware of Edmund Gosse's letter to Edward Marsh in which he describes his own shock at the pregnancy of an unmarried English lady in an Englishman's book). Other Edwardian readers were more struck by the vagueness of the seduction than by its impropriety; Katherine Mansfield wondered "whether Helen was got with child by Leonard Bast or by his fatal forgotten umbrella". The best material here is in the quoted bits from Forster's diary, and one hopes that at least a selection of that diary will find its way into the Abinger Edition.

In an appendix Mr Stallybrass has quoted Forster's own account, begun when he was fifteen, of Rooksnest, the Hertfordshire house in which he spent much of his childhood, and which was the model, very precisely rendered, of the house that gives his novel its title. Forster left the essay unfinished, returned to it in 1901, and came back once more in 1947 to add some family letters. Why, one wonders, did he come back, after so long? Why did it matter so much? In any case, it is a charming, naive little piece, and well worth having.

Finally, there are the notes: not textual—those have been dealt with in the companion volume—but elucidatory. It is always easy for a reviewer to quarrel with editorial decisions about notes: is it necessary to identify Pangloss in the phrase "all is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds"? Need phrases from Hamlet's best-known soliloquy be located? Is the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill such a mystery? But these are on the whole modest and useful notes, placed discretely at the back of the book, and better there than not there. Mr Stallybrass confesses to only one failure, and perhaps some reader of this review can help him with it: he cannot identify the song sung by Leonard Bast's Jacky, which goes:

> On the shelf,
> On the shelf,
> Boys, boys, I'm on the shelf.

Something from an Edwardian music hall, no doubt—Jacky would be up-to-date—but what?

The Manuscripts of Howards End appears as a part of the Abinger Edition, but is not quite. It has been printed in a limited edition of 1,000 copies, and is issued at a price that will restrict it to libraries. The volume provides two kinds of information: it records the shaping of *Howards End* by noting all changes from manuscript to published text (including some working notes); and it describes textual variants in the various earlier editions. In form it is rather repellent to the eye, but necessarily so, if the information is to be conveyed concisely; and it becomes easy to use with a bit of practice, especially if one has Volume 4 at hand.

Mr Stallybrass offers a few notes on some interesting points, as "appetite-raisers", but the book does not aim at interpreting the data that it provides; it is only the raw material for further studies. Since this is the case, the editor might better have restrained the curious irritability which he occasionally shows in his remarks on some of Forster's first-versions: "a slightly tiresome manipulation" "a particularly smug reflection", "a singularly unconvincing catalogue", "among the most embarrassingly bad passages", "crudely melodramatic", "an irritatingly over-explicit statement". Surely such phrases have no place in an editor's contributions.

Now it is all at hand, all that the scholar could want, and much more than the common reader will wish to consult. It only requires the right critic—someone who will do for this manuscript material what June Perry Levine did for the manuscripts of *A Passage to India*. Mr Stallybrass has done the job well—and it must have seemed interminable. Perhaps one should forgive him his ill temper.

Not even a map

MICHAEL HARDWICK:
The Osprey Guide to Anthony Trollope
219pp. Osprey. £2.25.

The Osprey Guide to Anthony Trollope is intended to cover a great deal of ground. There is a life of Trollope (seven and a half pages), an introduction to each of the forty-seven novels (eighty-six pages), a dictionary of some 500 characters (108 pages). Interspersed, and by way of illustration, are 20,000 words of quotation from Trollope himself. These figures betray the fact that Michael Hardwick is driven (by the necessity "to keep this present volume within the permissible bounds of size and price") beyond briskness to the most laconic and superficial treatment of his subject. He is not the first of Trollope's commentators to be defeated by sheer bulk or by the economics of publishing; but this *Osprey Guide* is defective in a number of ways that have little or nothing to do with either.

The trouble begins with the table of contents. There the novels (but not the other works) are listed, though not perfectly correctly, in order of composition—from *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* to *The Landleaguers*. There is some point in this method of arrangement, although Trollope's practice of revising in proof suggests that to list the novels in order of publication would have been truer to their author's intention. None the less, the Palliser novels—written over a period of a dozen years—are grouped together; and, by a fault of indentation that will mislead the innocent, this series appears to contain thirty-three novels! There is surely justification for listing the Palliser novels in the order in which they are intended to be read; but there is equal justification for so listing the Chronicles of Barsetshire—and, if one, then surely the other. But why are the novels not treated (as are the characters in the second half of the book) in alphabetical order? Why, at least, is there neither index nor even alphabetical guide to the titles? As matters now stand, the user of this book must examine the table of contents item by item until he comes upon the work he is seeking information about. Nor is there so much as a map of Barsetshire.

The sensibility and critical acumen of the compilor do not sort perfectly well with the task in hand. One is astonished to be told the following: "Trollope felt he ought to be plumbing depths and exploring areas of behaviour and the mind. Interestingly, perceptively and often amusingly though he often succeeded in doing so, I feel we have lost something remarkable that he might have given us if he had *tried* a little less hard and laughed a little more." This is so far from at least one reader's experience of Trollope as to chill expectation.

The portion of the book given over to the novels consists of more or less brief introductions of dubious value and varying levels of accuracy. For instance, the entry under *The Warden* (three and a half pages) omits any account of the actual ecclesiastical scandals which form the background of that novel. The plot summary of *Doctor Thorne* contains a crucial mistake: "After a brandy too many, Sir Roger suffers a violent attack of delirium tremens and dies, knowing by now that his niece is alive somewhere, but not suspecting her to be Mary."

The allusion is to chapter 25, "Sir Roger Dies"; but Sir Roger has known since chapter 13, "The Two Uncles", that Mary Thorne is his niece. The summary of *The Duke's Children* indicates that the reason why Lord Silverbridge's father opposes the marriage to Isabel Boncassen is that Mr Boncassen is "a mere man of letters, the next worst thing to a tradesman". But the Duke likes and admires Mr Boncassen; that Isabel is the granddaughter of a New York dock-worker is unmentioned by Mr Hardwick.

All in all, the breezy style and devil-may-care standard of accuracy (the Duke of Omnium's second son is called by Mr Hardwick "Lord Palliser") are not such as to commend *The Osprey Guide to Anthony Trollope*, especially as a far better *Guide to Trollope* exists, by Winifred Gregory Gerould and James Thayer Gerould, issued by the Oxford University Press in 1948. The time is ripe for a reprinting of that valuable work.

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Blitheness and repose in Tuscany

HAROLD ACTON:

Tuscan Villas

Photographs by Alexander Zielcke

288pp including 182 illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £8.50.

As the lights go out all over Europe, it is a bitter-sweet joy to contemplate the glories of the villas of Tuscany, evoked with skill by Harold Acton's expert text and by the perceptive photographs of Alexander Zielcke.

Sir Harold (who was awarded a knighthood in the New Year Honours) very properly records the belief of Leon Battista Alberti (1404-72), whose father came from this region, that beauty, for an architect, is innate and diffused throughout the whole structure, while ornament is something added and attached rather than essential and innate. For the Florentine architects were more sparing of ornament than their Venetian and Roman colleagues; and Florence, because of its adherence to this somewhat austere standard, is one of the hardest of all cities for unattuned sightseers, as a glance at their exhausted, thirsty faces can demonstrate every day.

The country villas round about, however, are united in a single organic whole with their incomparable gardens. Their architecture, as Stendhal observed, is wedded to the trees. And not only to the trees. "Let there be a most cheerful lawn", advises Alberti,

> and let water flow from divers places where it is least expected. Let the alleys end with fruit-trees and ever-greens, and enclose that part which is sheltered from the wind with box hedges. Stone vases are excellent ornaments for garden fountains. Trees should be planted in straight lines, equidistant and corresponding with each other. Rose-bushes fastened to pomegranate and dogwood form attractive hedges. I have no objection to statues that make you laugh, as long as they contain nothing indecent. I would prefer the houses of nobles not to be situated in the most fertile part of the country, but in the most scenic.

A certain number of the villas of Tuscany have perished, but very many survive, and anyone who writes about them has to be selective—a hard task, when there are so many wonders to choose from. Sir Harold has not tried to write a descriptive handbook about the villas as a whole, or about their structural forms, but his aim has been to select typical examples, and to treat them as living entities—that is to say to revive their past life and bring it before our eyes, to present their external architecture in human terms. In his view, "the significant form so dear to Roger Fry becomes more significant when living history is attached to it".

Sir Harold succeeds brilliantly, because although he chose, with good reason, to call his autobiographical works the *Memoirs of an Aesthete*, he is a very learned man, and a learned man with a light touch and sharp eye for scandals—in which Tuscan history has not been deficient. And what magnificent stages for scandal the villas provide. Henry James saw them as grave, stately, solemn, tragic. Certainly, that one of the English dictionary definitions of "villa" (indeed, the primary meaning in the Penguin dictionary) is "smallish detached or semi-detached house with garden" seems something of a comic paradox in Tuscany. Nevertheless, Sir Harold points out that, in comparison with French *châteaux*, many of the Tuscan mansions are in a minor key. Their simple, if sometimes ample, proportions and their quiet harmony "satisfy a desire for blitheness and repose without pandering to hollow rhetoric".

He divides his book into four parts, devoted respectively to Medician villas, villas in and near Florence, villas near Lucca, and their counterparts near Siena. The country houses of the Medicis used to be landmarks on the Grand Tour. Although Pratolino was destroyed in 1822 and Lappeggi, too, has been partly demolished, castellated strongholds such as Cafaggiolo and Trebbio are still to be seen, and they take us right back to the origins of the Medicis. Another of their villas, Castello, had one of the first great formal gardens in Italy, which has partially survived, including a gay example of the surprise grottoes which are a traditional feature of these architectural schemes. "In the grottoes of caves", to quote Alberti again,

> the ancients used to make a crust of rough and rocky material, fragments of pumice or sponge and travertine. And I have seen some who add green wax to imitate the soft hair of a cavern full of musk. I was delighted by what I observed in a similar cave, whence a fountain of water gushed, with an exterior of different shells, including those of oysters, arranged according to variety of hue with pleasant artifice.

Poggio a Caiano is the earliest of the Medici residences to display a pure Renaissance design. When Sir John Reresby visited the place in 1657, he did not very much care for the exterior. But he felt more appreciative when Duke Ferdinando II, who was in residence, sent two dishes of fish to his inn, it being Friday, together with the liberal ration of twelve bottles of excellent wine. The name Reresby runs in the family of the Sitwells, whose Villa Montegufoni takes pride of place in the chapter "Villas in and near Florence"; its future prospects, at the time of writing, lie in some doubt. Sir Osbert Sitwell has written how his father bought and restored it. About another villa, La Pietra, on the other hand, on the northern outskirts of the city, much can be learnt from Sir Harold's previous books. For it is he who is its owner and resident, and his excuse for writing this book, if he needed one, is that this was the noble abode in which he himself (a popular and legendary adopted Florentine) was born and brought up. The garden, re-created by his father, is "essentially green; other colours are episodic and incidental. Sunlight and shade are as carefully distributed as the fountains, terraces and statues. It is a garden for all seasons, independent of flowers."

One way of helping the reader to distinguish between one villa and another is by distributing first prizes, and the proprietor of La Pietra rightly allots a prize to his own garden for the individual strength and grace of its statuary. Villa Collazzi, on the other hand, is adjudged superlative as pure Tuscan-blooded architecture. Gamberaia is seen as the most poetical garden in the neighbourhood. San Michele della Doccia at Fiesole, now a hotel, has a long arcade that deserves special mention. Villa Corsi-Salviati at Sesto Fiorentino possesses an exceptionally graceful Baroque frontage. La Tana has inspired a particularly large number of Mr Zielcke's photographs, and he has skilfully caught many of the aspects of this admirably preserved villa and garden (famous for its irises and azaleas). Villa Antinori delle Rose is pronounced the most cheerful of these residences—and the Pompeian decoration of its rooms, with its birds, insects and butterflies, is another reminder, like Alberti's grottoes and Georgina Masson's note in her *Italian Gardens*, that we have to go right back to ancient times for some of these domestic and horticultural themes.

William Savage Landor found the air, sun, stars and life of Florence the loveliest in the world. In the previous, more hard-headed century, Sir Horace Mann had recorded a reservation: "If I could afford it, I really would take a villa near Florence, but I am afraid of its becoming a cheesecake house for all the English, though the King's Arms is vastly frequented by them in town, so that I have not a moment to myself." Today, though the term "cheesecake" seems to have changed its meaning, the same problem exists; though with two modifications. First, there is now the telephone, which, if travellers remember to use it, can usefully give residents advance notice of the hospitality they will no doubt be expected to provide. Secondly, many of the recent generations of expatriates live, not in villas, but in converted farmhouses; and these, too, are interesting buildings, which could well be the subject of another book.

Turning to the villas of the Lucca region, with its luxuriant scenery so different from the rocky nucleus of Tuscany, Sir Harold finds the Villa Rossi at Gattaiola the best suited of the sixteenth-century country seats for his theme, since it evokes the existence of its past residents more convincingly than any other. Villa Marlia, drastically altered by Napoleon's sister, has a peculiarly attractive open-air theatre with wings of clipped box. The Villa Mansi, where many facilities are offered to the public, has prompted the photographer to achieve fresh subtleties by selecting a brownish time of day for his work. At Collodi (where there is also a playground of Pinocchio), the Villa Garzoni, with its graceful belvedere and balustraded steps and terraces, is the most spectacular Baroque creation in all Tuscany. The Villa Torrigiani, not far away, has a practical joker's arrangement of pipes and fountains which may spray the guests with water. Moreover, there is a sunken garden, which is an unusual formal feature in this region where—to Sir Harold's disapproval—informal English-style, gardens tend to predominate.

In the Siena area, which is the next to be discussed, that is not so. But the villas of this territory, too (the book ought to have maps), strike a special note of their own. This is partly because the scenery which surrounds them, so distinctive and so differen Lucchesia, is as unspoil other part of Tuscany. More architecture bears the stam of a single architect, B Peruzzi (1481-1536). Th famous of the villas he de converted is Belcaro, situated on a lofty eminen miles west of the city, dense grove of ilexes. Vi highly praised in Edith W *Italian Villas and their* (1904). What she liked abo its discretion, absence of ing—and sureness of taste. T of Villa Cetinale, accordin Harold, would have cause cular pleasure to the mathe G. H. Hardy, who once told he considered there was more beautiful than a straig But, inside these villas, the very few which preserve the decor and furniture anythi intact. An exception is th Bianchi-Bandinelli on the hi Geggiano, which has hardly altered since the last building was reconstructed 1780s.

In his postscript, Sir Har dently anticipates the objectio he has left many, many, othe unmentioned. And, while sayi he obeys an ancient rhetoric cept ("I will pass over reference . . .") by manag mention a few of them all th He alludes, for example, to brellino at Bellosguardo, whe George Keppel used to gi gardener the succinct ins "bisogna begonia". And a note is added to the biogr her daughter Violet Trefusi figures so prominently in Nicolson's *Portrait of a Ma* When Mrs Trefusis inherite villa, we are told, "she tri infuse into it some of that atmosphere she hankered with the aid of exotic *peints*, chinoiseries, a Houdo bust, a silver sturgeon, and fallals about which she deligh weave fantasies in the man her friend Louise de Vilmor

Tuscan Villas conclude careful notes on the plates. Here, as in the text Sir Harold shows his rare being informative and entert at one and the same time. I earnestly hope, as he hopes, th book may do something to that those portions of the Eur heritage that are going to through to the twenty-first will include the villas of Tusca

Marking time

MARTIN WALLACE:

A Short History of Ireland

66pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £2.75.

MAURICE HENNESSY:

The Wild Geese

The Irish Soldier in Exile

27pp plus 22 plates. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3.25.

KIERAN HICKEY (Editor):

The Light of Other Days

Irish Life at the Turn of the Century in the Photographs of Robert French

72pp. Allen Lane. £8.

RUTH DUDLEY EDWARDS:

An Atlas of Irish History

61pp including 74 maps. Methuen £3.20 (paperback, £1.50).

JAMES LYDON:

Ireland in the Later Middle Ages

193pp. Gill and Macmillan. Paperback, 90p.

Books about Ireland continue to pour out in such profusion that one is driven in sheer self-defence to begin dividing them into two categories—the necessary and the unnecessary. It is a harsh division and, it might well be asked, if necessity is to be the criterion, who shall be saved? In the Irish context it might not be unreasonable to say that a necessary book is one which advances our knowledge or understanding of the country in a way that has not been done before, or so well, by other books in the same field.

Judged by this standard few of the offerings in this latest batch are likely to withstand the winter of our discontent. Least of all *A Short History of Ireland*. Martin Wallace is an experienced observer of Ulster and has written two useful books on that subject, but this short history is so truncated as to be almost unintelligible to the nervous layman, wondering whether or not to risk a toe in the turbid waters of the Irish past. Mr Wallace's cavalier habit of treating large themes in single paragraphs is potted history *in excelsis*, or should one say *in extremis*? Either way, it is not attractive and the job has been done better many times before.

Much the same might be said about *The Wild Geese*. Maurice Hennessy's "popular" volume on the exploits of Irish soldiers in the service of foreign armies draws heavily on other people's work, and though attractively written, seems little more than a light-weight piece of book-making.

With *The Light of Other Days* we move into a different world. Though perhaps not quite a necessary book, it is both helpful and wholly delightful. It is a collection of photographs culled by Kieran Hickey from the famous Lawrence Collection in the National Library of Ireland and here authoritatively identified as the work of a brilliant unknown, Robert French. These splendid pictures are enough to cause any Irish exile (or for that matter any exile from the Edwardian age) an acute attack of nostalgia, but, while the camera-work is breathtaking, so alas is the price. By contrast the publishers are asking relatively little for a genuine rarity—*An Atlas of Irish History*. The maps (by W. H. Bromage) are not perhaps very imaginative, but they cover most of the main themes in the economic and cultural, as well as the everlasting political, history of Ireland. The accompanying text by Ruth Dudley Edwards is unobtrusive but, as befits someone bearing that name, it is a competent piece of craftsmanship.

Finally, a very necessary book—one of the key volumes in the "Gill History of Ireland" which, despite some highly idiosyncratic contributions, is a series that has had a deserved success. This particular instalment, *Ireland in the Later Middle Ages*, comes from James Lydon, who is not only one of the general editors, but a distinguished medievalist in his own right. With deceptive ease he makes excellent sense of the confused fourteenth and fifteenth centuries when the Anglo-Irish state, so far as it ever existed, began to break down and the way was prepared for the Tudor intervention which ended the Irish middle ages. Professor Lydon omits Gaelic Ireland almost entirely, but within the limits which this implies, he has produced a masterly and concise account of a difficult period.

Rising Protestants

FRANCIS GODWIN JAMES:

Ireland in the Empire, 1688-1770

356pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £7.

The shadow of the great Lecky still hangs heavy over the study of eighteenth-century Irish history and, although a number of scholars, some of them eminent, have tried to follow in his footsteps, their relationship to him has been like that of the page to Good King Wenceslas. Perhaps for this very reason there has been an undue concentration on the "patriot" movement of the post-1770 period and on the career, and ultimate extinction, of Grattan's parliament.

Among its many transcendent virtues, *Ireland in the Empire* decisively redresses the chronological balance. Francis Godwin James gives what even Lecky failed to give—a coherent and thoroughly documented account of how the revolution settlement of the late seventeenth century was transformed into the Protestant Ascendancy of the late eighteenth century. His account, moreover, is impressive both in the range of sources deployed and in the variety of themes woven into the main narrative. That narrative, inevitably, is based firmly on the political history of the time, but it is buttressed by useful chapters on the economy and on the structure of Irish society. In this connexion it is worth mentioning that Professor James is one of the few modern historians to address himself to the problem of the Anglo-Irish—who they are, why they are neither English nor Irish, and what their contribution has been to the life of both the countries to which they have claimed to owe allegiance.

Brevity has sometimes caused Professor James to cut his corners, and his economic chapter, despite his known expertise in matters of trade, seems altogether too simple a treatment of a complex subject which is still a cause of acute argument among economic historians; demographers in particular may feel that he has not paid their findings—or should one say their controversies?—the attention they deserve.

Professor James writes an unspectacular but clear and competent prose. More important, he manages to invest the affairs of Ireland with a significance which Irish historians frequently miss. He achieves this effect—and others may draw the appropriate moral—because he has grasped the central fact that Ireland in the eighteenth century had an important role to play in the trade and the politics of the British Empire. Seeing the country in that wider perspective enables him, paradoxically enough, to do more even-handed justice to the domestic preoccupations which the Irish themselves, true to form, regarded as being their main concern. Yet perhaps this is scarcely fair to the brighter luminaries of Grattan's parliament. Perhaps, when they built the beautiful capital city that is now being "improved" out of existence, they really did have a sense of belonging, if not to a world empire, at least to a civilization of no mean order. If that is so, and it is what one is led to deduce from Professor James's sober chapters, then a great deal of the subsequent disenchantment becomes clear, and the dear, dirty Dublin of the nineteenth century may stand as an apt symbol of more than merely architectural decline.

A serious look at Cambridgeshire

An Inventory of Historical Monuments in the County of Cambridge

Volume II. North-East Cambridgeshire

163pp. H.M.S.O. £8.50.

As is widely known, a great change came over the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments just after the Second World War. History, which had previously ended at 1714, was extended to 1850, though discretion is now exercised to include monuments even later than this. North-East Cambridgeshire, which is the subject of the third inventory in the Commission's survey of the county—following Cambridge city (1959) and West Cambridgeshire (1968)—would doubtless not have been thought to merit a volume by itself until very recently: it has only ten parishes (compare, for example, the prewar North-West Herefordshire with eighty-two) and few buildings which could be reckoned important by national standards. What has happened is only partly to be explained by the extension of reference to a later date, for a surprising proportion of the buildings recorded in the volume date from the seventeenth century or earlier: in addition many buildings of simple or utilitarian character, which would certainly have been overlooked only a few years ago, are now described and sometimes illustrated, so that the general appearance of the book is quite different from what we were used to—Baroque garden ornaments are now to be seen rubbing shoulders with nineteenth-century cottages and engine houses. The interesting mixed group of seventeenth to nineteenth-century houses and small workshops called Commercial End at Swaffham Bulbeck is even raised to the short list of monuments thought "specially worthy of preservation", along with the more predictable medieval churches and the Devil's Dyke.

This suggests not a new lightheartedness but a new view of what is serious—in line, of course, with the notable growth of general interest in nineteenth-century architecture and post-medieval archaeology. The old kind of RCHM seriousness is however still there: the thoroughness of study and preparation is indeed more evident than ever in the extensive descriptive notes (which seem to grow steadily more detailed with each new volume—sometimes one wonders what is the actual function of the almost pedantically full verbal accounts) and most notably in the large number of very excellent plans, sections and elevations, which are the work of P. N. Hammond. The photographs, too, are more consistently satisfactory, having lost the greyness which made the Commission's prewar illustrations often dreary to look at and hard to use. The analysis of house-types begun in the West Cambridgeshire volume has been continued and extended to cover newly discovered variations: it is of considerable historical and archaeological interest.

No RCHM volume will ever be light reading: that plainly is not its function, which is to record, as accurately and in as much detail as possible, all that is worth recording. Hence the massive slowness with which the Commission works, or rather publishes. Hence, too, it is no easy task to read any but the briefest of the entries; the presentation of detail is now so minute that it is very hard to gain any broad impression of a building's worth or interest: such comprehensive views seem indeed rather beyond what the Commission sees as its job, and, certainly, we meet none of the sharp notes of discrimination, appreciative or otherwise, that we are used to in *The Buildings of England*: once a monument has been selected its interest is taken for granted. When (very rarely) a comparative judgment is risked it is unpersuasive: by East Anglian standards, the pleasant but unremarkable roof of Swaffham Bulbeck church cannot sensibly be said to "constitute the height of achievement of fifteenth-century roof construction".

An inventory is not of course a history, but the lengthy sectional prefaces in which an attempt is made to analyse the buildings in the list and set them in comprehensive typological order have never been particularly rewarding. The North-East Cambridgeshire volume is no exception: it packs in a great deal of scrupulously thorough research without much sense of the kind of generalization which secures understanding and clears the reader's view. Perhaps there is a wood to be picked out, but one registers nothing but trees: only in the historical survey of Fen drainage do the writers seem to take a sufficiently detached position to make possible an overall view of their subject. Almost all the villages in the survey have some direct connexion with the Fenland, and lodes, wharves and drainage works form a substantial section at the end of each parish entry.

Up to 1850 almost everything seems to be included, after 1850 almost nothing. This does not mean any very serious omission in North-East Cambridgeshire, but the Commissioners seem rather sniffy about nineteenth-century architecture generally: St Cyriac's at Swaffham Prior (of 1806) "has an elegance made more romantic by its present deserted state": that period has the elegance of a confident dismissal of the frivolous, and the same tone is present in the observation that "Victorian revivalism is represented by Hailstone's rectory at Bottisham where the Tudoresque style, commonly associated with parsonages later in the century, was adopted" (that was 1838—hardly representative Victorian, yet even by then "Tudoresque" was becoming old-fashioned).

In other parts of the country, however, the terminal date is a serious nuisance, as was demonstrated in the Cambridge volumes in which the discretionary clause seemed not to apply, so that, for example, not only was there no entry whatever for Newnham College, but Scott's chapel at St John's was entirely disregarded except as the container for a handful of earlier fittings. It may seem absurd to suggest adding the great mass of Victorian and later buildings to the Commissioners' labours: could they ever then make an end? Nevertheless the point is important, and symbolically urgent, for the RCHM volumes represent historical authority in architecture in a very special way: it is possible that an appreciable number of important Georgian houses were lost through the assumption (implicit in the terminal date of the prewar volumes) that nothing after 1714 was of historical interest. Moreover, the ever admirable *Survey of London* manages to avoid a terminal date altogether, though its analyses of buildings are less detailed than the RCHM's, and London volumes are much more fully documented, and they come out a good deal more often.

One final complaint which one is sad to have to make of so superb a production: the English in which it is composed is ungainly, faulty in idiom, and sometimes just wrong. Perhaps there is no reason to expect Royal Commissioners to write better English than journalists, but it still gives a shock to find that one who claims to write with authority does not know the difference between "infer" and "imply".

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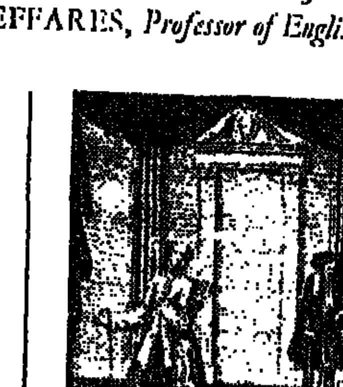
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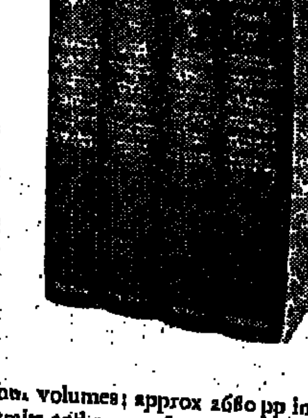
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Neighbours

CHAD VARAH (Editor) :

The Samaritans in the '70s

260pp. Constable. £2.50 (paperback, 95p).

Eight years ago Chad Varah's book *The Samaritans* gave us an insight into the methods of an association which was ready to befriend the despairing and suicidal at any hour of the day or night. At that time there were fewer than 7,000 volunteer Samaritans attached to sixty-eight branches in Britain. Now, when the organization is celebrating its twentieth anniversary, there are 17,000 volunteers and 132 branches, and there is serious statistical evidence to indicate that the 34 per cent drop in the suicide rate in England and Wales between 1963 and 1970 (from 12.2 to 8 per 100,000) is associated with that increase. What Dr Richard Fox, honorary psychiatrist consultant to the Samaritans, calls "the largest suicide prevention organization in the world" seems indeed to be preventing suicides.

What it does in the less dramatic fields of relieving human misery and isolation cannot be assessed statistically, but this revised edition of the book, three-quarters of which consists of new material and the rest of which has been brought up to date, shows how much a service whose informing principle is love in effective action can offer to the lonely, the bereaved, those who are overwhelmed by the demands of an increasingly exigent industrial and urban civilization.

In doing so, it makes clear also both the reasons for the respect a voluntary association like the Samaritans is accorded by the professionals of medicine and social work and the unique—the word is not used lightly—nature of its own contribution. First, its workers do not take on tasks which are beyond their competence. Volunteers are stringently selected, so stringently that the average natio[nal] reject rate is about 60 p[er] ninety-three out of 100 applicants to the Lon[don] during a recent period down.

What are the selection Not amateur psychi[atrists] friendly, sensitive men patient, tolerant and the sonably mature and lucky enough to have nize the portrait of a good Once chosen, the vo[lunteers] given training, theoretic[al and prac]tical, in how to do the ... tant part of which is ... recognize when a patie[nt] fessional help and to ... she gets it quickly.

Some Samaritans who ... qualified themselves ... counselling of clients ... tinctive work of the ... befriending in the ... sense of that word, and ... It may remain when a ... ing psychiatric treatmen[t] it can be a complemen[t] ment. It begins with the ... ing words spoken into the ... that rings at 2 a m ; it can ... be practised for weeks ... by a Samaritan who has ... to stand by a client ... ency is over. It has bee[n] ... cidentally, that the bes[t] answerers are introverts ... frienders stable introve[rts] ... applicants "scoring low ... neuroticism tended eith[er] ... or so insensitive to the ... needs of others that the[y] ... suitable".

This is what constitute[s] ... ness of an association ... statutory, non-religious ... tive, instantly available ... committed to the needs ... apply to it. If necessary ... that they get profession[al] ... it can itself offer to th[e] ... is something rarer and ... —a fellow creature who ... here. I won't go away ... so long as you need me ...

Scholars in need

ELIZABETH M. ANDERSON :

The Disabled Schoolchild
A study of integration in primary schools

377pp. Methuen. £5 (paperback, £2.40).

A child with spina bifida is often incontinent of both bowel and bladder. Even if he has had the ileal loop operation enabling a urine collecting bag to be fitted over an opening to his body his toilet operations are complicated. Most children with cerebral palsy are hemiplegics whose mobility and manipulative skills are impaired and whose speech is often affected. Sometimes they suffer from epilepsy, too. The question posed by Elizabeth Anderson is whether or not children like these, or with diseases like haemophilia, or congenital abnormalities which have given rise to deformities of the hand or foot or vestigial limbs, should be educated among their contemporaries in ordinary schools.

It is a question charged with emotion, but this remarkable book uses only facts to raise the various issues that have to be examined before any dispassionate answer can be given. The author studied ninety-nine disabled children who were already in ordinary infant and junior schools, first measuring the extent of their handicaps and then looking at the social, emotional and educational problems they met, using their classmates as the control group for comparisons. Her findings are on the whole encouraging. As in most school situations the success of the placement depended on a number of complementary factors — from the attitude of the child's parents to the amount of thought and preparation the school and class teacher were able and willing to give. Physically handicapped children, like their contemporaries, turn out to have varied intellectual capacities (though those with neurological disorders are less likely to fly high academically) and varied social capacities. The study included some sociometric tests to discover how the other children viewed physical disabilit[y] ... that, as with the ... those least popular were ... of low ability and ...

A good way to anticipa[te] ... with teasing and curiosi[ty] ... handicap was simply to ... children about it and disc[uss] ... them. One surprising ... emerges is the almost ... of liaison between the sch[ool] ... officers, the teachers and ... medical authorities. For ... ously handicapped childre[n] ... ancillary workers were ... essential for moving the ... the school, for attending ... needs and for helping him ... key periods in the school ... break in the playground.

Educating disabled ch[ildren] ... going to be expensive how ... done. The total cost for ... ary primary school child ... £102.23. This compares ... for each child in a day ... physically handicapped ... costs slightly less at £532 ... in a special class attach[ed] ... ordinary school, as is ... Scandinavia, from which ... can graduate to the main ... the school.

It is more expensive, ... much more, at £655, to ... abled child in an ordinary ... ancillary help and taxi ... school shared by three oth[er] ... Anderson shows clearly th[at] ... lihood of success for a ... handicapped child in an ... school depends on his ... membership, the number of ... in his family, his intellige[nce] ... and his lack of neurologic[al] ... all of which are factors ... with unhandicapped child[ren] ... There seems to be no reas[on] ... fore, for not trying to ... physically handicapped ... inary schools provided that ... arrangements are made ... Miss Anderson has ... service in showing what ... arrangements should be ... small but vital amount of ... ment needed to ease these ... into society in their early ...

Whose resurrection?

[EV]A FIGES :

[D]ays

[1..]0pp. Faber and Faber. £2.25.

[A]n unnamed woman, who might be [of] any generation of three, or perhaps all three at once, lies—unable to [ta]lk—in a bare, single room in a vast, [an]onymous hospital. As she strives to [m]ake sense of the body she possesses [sh]e reflects confusedly on who and [wh]at she is, who and what have [br]ought her to this condition, and [wh]at she is to do in it. For much of [the] book no solution to her prob[le]ms seems possible ; she cannot eat [or] drink ; she seems more inclined to [di]e than to survive. She lapses into [th]e state of a mere object for the [at]tentions of doctors, nurses, [cl]eaners. When her hopes decisively [re]vive it is because, in a final moment [of] psychoanalytical insight, she [di]scerns the domestic lies she has [be]en living with. Her renewal comes [w]ith an acceptance that each generation must face the truth squarely, on its own feet : she is now able to walk, to get up and to sit in the empty chair in her room awaiting the death of her own mother in the bed she has vacated.

Followers of Eva Figes's progress as a novelist will have expected this kind of brief, resolutely complex and ingenious novel ; and they will also have quickly sensed the intended universality of the theme. They might further have hoped, however, that at this stage the author would have done more with her material, her insights, her moral fervour and her resourceful prose than she actually has. The deliberate confusion, or equation, of the three generations (grandmother, mother, daughter) in *Days*, is skilfully accomplished and should make its point to any moderately intelligent reader. At its best, Miss Figes's style is an impressive instrument, delivering moments of alarm, or repulsion, or poignancy with memorable effectiveness. It also has its *longueurs*, passages of slackened tension or poetic aspiration, which are much less arresting.

But the main disappointment in *Days* is the lack of some solid core of developed, realistic action from which the wide implications of Miss Figes's central theme may validly derive. Since the novel is no less than a plea, echoing the concerns of her *Patriarchal Attitudes*, for Woman to face up to herself, she is here resting a weighty case on almost invisible foundations. In the courage of her convictions as a novelist (and one of considerable talent) she has clothed argument in an uncompromisingly experimental technique of a very personal, certainly individual, kind. But *Days* fully justifies such boldness only where the woman, or women, descend out of the mists—into real houses, streets, conversations—and begin to look like recognizable examples of the creatures she is concerned to shake out of defeatism into self-knowledge.

Treat for two

[P]AMELA HAINES :

[T]ea at Gunter's

[2]16pp. Heinemann. £2.25.

[M]arriages of attrition in which rela[t]ively unwanted children are forced [t]o take sides are common enough [in] fiction, a bourne of limbo from [w]hich perhaps too many travellers [h]ave returned. It is, therefore, a [c]onsiderable achievement to have [m]ade out of such material a con[v]incing, highly sensitive, often mov[i]ng novel like *Tea at Gunter's*, re[m]arkable for its economy and con[t]rol as well as for its careful organi[z]ation.

Lucy Taylor's soft, puckering [m]other, Winifred, lives out of her [M]emory Box, full of photographs and [s]ouvenirs of her sunlit adolescence [a]t Patmore, a rich, Catholic country [h]ouse, where to the approval of the [r]est of her family she fell in love [w]ith her step-brother Gervase. Then [c]ame 1914 and the sunlight went out, [a]s Gervase and his twin step-brothers went to war. The twins died ; Gervase was shell-shocked. Returning to Patmore, partly converted into a convalescent home for officers, his intemperate behaviour encouraged Winifred to decamp for Leeds with one of them, a social inferior. The family regarded the act as a betrayal and cut her off. Her lasting regret is now relieved only by annual trips to London for tea at Gunter's with Gervase—now a shambling and eccentric shadow. Winifred is determined that Lucy shall escape from Leeds—rather to satisfy her own vicarious needs than to release the girl from the miseries of her bitter home. Gervase accordingly finances her training at a snobbish secretarial school, where Lucy meets a spoilt quasi-sophisticate, Juliet, who introduces her into provincial highlife. She falls in love with a Juliet reject, a decent, kindly man. For a chapter or so, the emotionally parasitic mother glimpses triumph and the gentle young woman happiness. It would be unfair, less to Pamela Haines than to the reader, to say more.

Mrs Haines has many strengths, including an ability to create rounded characters who are not only physically and emotionally realized, but who speak with their own voices: her ear for idiosyncrasies of speech is acute. She is able in remarkably short space to create bitter domestic squalls which suggest years of emotional frustration and savage disappointment. Her treatment of sexual tension is all the more effective for its understatement, and her plentiful ironies work in the best way, in that the reader becomes gradually aware of them after they have occurred. Some readers might be irritated by the very last section of the book, where Mrs Haines finds it necessary to tie up all possible loose ends ; others might think that Lucy's last decision in the context of the action is abrupt and untowardly forceful for such a diffident character. But these are quibbles in a technically adroit novel from an author whose view of life seems to be generous and encouragingly sane.

Severed head

[H]ARRIET WAUGH :

[M]irror, Mirror

[1]50pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.50.

[W]ithin the present-day novel, at one [o]f its levels, there's an easily-ex[p]lained over-representation of one [d]istinctive social milieu. We're all [j]ust down from Oxford, where most [o]f us read English ; we're living in [b]ed-sitters from Notting Hill to [S]outh Ken, not really alien[a]ted from our parents but in flight [f]rom their world : we subsist grub[b]ily on baked beans and Nescafé, [w]ith spaghetti bolognese and Span[is]h wine for the occasional splurge ; [w]e shift from one dreary job to an[o]ther, unable to secure the glamor[o]us employ that we'd dreamt of, un[w]illing to fall back on the long-[f]eared doom of just teaching ; we [h]ave sad little affairs, in which the [m]essy aspect of sex tends to pre[d]ominate ; we look with both envy [a]nd dismay upon the confident fana[t]icisms, Catholic and Marxist, which [i]ntrude here and there into our un[c]ertain circle ; and we feel vaguely [t]hat grand colourful old Reality is [s]omehow there, just round the cor[n]er, if only we could reach out and [g]rab it. So, in the twofold hope of [c]reativity and a continental holiday, [w]e begin to write this novel, about [s]ome people just down from Oxford [w]ho live in bed-sitters and. . . .

Rather too much of Harriet [W]augh's first novel consists of com[p]etent but directionless reportage [f]rom this too-familiar waste land. To [s]harpen the impact, however, she [s]pikes it with horror-fantasy and [t]heological allegory. Her central [f]igure started life as a just-[v]iable foetus, rescued from the [h]ospital furnace after a botched abortion ; he finishes life by decapitation, the un-sweetheart of his younger days (now a kind of nun, and insane) having cast herself for the role of Judith to his Holofernes : meanwhile, his preternatural ugliness has made him an object of immediate loathing and suspicion to all right-minded people, with suitably dreadful consequences.

But redemption is at hand. Having lived for a long time in craven misery as the ultimate outcast, unsuccessful even in suicide, this Old Adam undergoes a baptismally regenerative bath and is received into the church-household of a gentle Christ-figure : eventually he puts on the New Man (by plastic surgery), becomes wholly beautiful, and goes forth to preach a sadomasochistic gospel so effectively that he triggers off an epidemic of self-crucifixion. This is what makes that swinging up-dated nun see him as Israel-Catholicism's total enemy and so occasions the messy conclusion of the story, for which Miss Waugh is deeply indebted to T. H. White.

In general, her originality is rather less than the blurb suggests : the echoes of her father are particularly numerous, though tiny. As a novelist, she needs to be warned against the alluring snares of ecclesiasticism, and even of theology when too pertly considered, and she relies to an imprudent degree upon knockabout death and related low-cost horrors. But she displays, in a reasonably new version, her family's characteristic liveliness of mind and pen : once she has mastered the laborious art of economy, she should be able to delight us all.

Quincunx

Introduction 5

Stories by New Writers

239pp. Faber and Faber. £2.95.

Earlier numbers of *Introduction* introduced the talents of several unknown writers, notably Ted Hughes. The sensible policy of providing at least two examples of each writer's work continues. The editor remains anonymous. Five writers have been chosen to flex their muscles here, and certainly the strongest is Sara Maitland, born as recently as 1950. Her three stories are conspicuous for their driving intelligence—"An Edwardian Tableau", especially. Her concern, if not obsession, is the social position of women, and its attendant effects. Interestingly, "An Edwardian Tableau" is set round a dinner table during the time of the Suffragist riots while another story is set in ancient Greece.

Workmanlike stories are offered by most of the others, but are limited by a folksy veracity or lack of inventiveness. Adrian Kenny's "Peat" is perhaps an exception. It is deliberately pathetic, but nicely humorous in Beckett's 1934 Irish style. Included too is a crafty radio play by Alick Rowe ; it is a shrewd use of the medium.

Polio power

WILFRID SHEED :

People Will Always Be Kind

373pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.75.

At the beginning of *People Will Always Be Kind* a New York Irish schoolboy, Brian Casey, contracts polio : at the end he is off on a lecture tour, a failed Democratic presidential candidate. It is a riskily ambitious plot, but at its best the novel is biting and very funny without blurring into cynicism or sentimentality. Although Wilfrid Sheed does not approach the savagery of Buñuel's realization that cripples may not merely capitalize on the healthy person's uneasy sympathy but may be morally malformed in consequence of their deformity (good-hearted cripples, like good-hearted whores, are a conveniently reassuring fiction), he has no room for the stifling and ineffectual sympathy of the liberal conscience.

The first half of the novel is a victim's-eye view, and Casey's wry self-awareness puts him in a privileged position in relation to his own world as well as to the reader. His gradual discovery of the real nature of his illness, its effect on his neighbourhood friends, his steadily increasing dominance over his family, and his initial sexual experiences are depicted laconically and convincingly. For example, a schoolfriend takes Casey for a ride in his wheelchair :

> They plodded gently past Riverside Church. "Could you go a little faster, Fatman ? Good grief, but you're in terrible shape." Hennessy plugged along gamely, not yet realizing you can say "fuck off" to a polio victim. On Brian's side, it was difficult making jokes with a guy who treated you like a piece of glass. "OK, Fatstuff, take five, I was only kidding." Gee, but his friends were second-rate.

The self-defensive sharpness which enables Brian to turn his disability to advantage allows Mr Sheed to give telling vignettes of the half-world of hopes and fears surrounding the pre-Salk polio victim—Dr Steinmetz's pursuit of elk-sperm, Dr Schroeder's belief in the efficacy of leeches, Father O'Monahan's faith, and the Salt Rock Foundation, with its water beds, malingering GIs, wheelchair derbies, and morbid obsession with sex.

Half-way through, the novel changes step. Casey is now a successful and charismatic Senator. He is seen through the eyes of an ex-Harvard peacenik, Sam Perkins, and although Mr Sheed's zest and eye for satiric detail persist, the novel fails to create more than a ghostly simulacrum of the real political world.

Admittedly, Sam Perkins insists on several occasions that he is pursuing the mystery of the man not the politician ; but a politician's public acts both explain and affect his characters. Notwithstanding the fantasy element common to all satire, a glibness approaching cynicism emerges. The result is that the last part of the novel, turning on the "mystery" of Casey (man of complex integrity or polio-megalomaniac ?), lacks substance : the conundrum is of Mr Sheed's making, not of politics and the complicated men who choose it as their way of life.

Chatto & Windus

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Winner of the 1966 *Pulitzer Prize for Poetry*, Anne Sexton uses the same themes as before, but there is now a greater force in her evocation of the sense of unease.
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A. D. Nuttall
A Common Sky: Philosophy and the Literary Imagination
Solipsistic fear (that the external world may not exist) is regarded as something absurd, but Professor Nuttall shows in this analysis of philosophy from Locke to A. J. Ayer, and the literary imagination from Sterne to T. S. Eliot, that it has been a fertile source of disquiet. His conclusions are optimistic — we choose the extent of our privacy yet live beneath a common sky.
Sussex University Press £3.95

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For the good of the patient

LOUIS GOLDMAN :
When Doctors Disagree
Controversies in Medicine
291pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.25.

RUDOLF KLEIN :
Complaints against Doctors
A study in professional accountability
193pp. Charles Knight. £4.

I. DOUGLAS-WILSON and GORDON McLACHLAN (Editors) :
Health Service Prospects
346pp. *The Lancet* for The Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust. £6.

Louis Goldman has chosen an appropriate moment to take a critical look at many aspects of medical practice in this country and in the United States. The facts he records and the conclusions he draws from them are disconcerting to those who believe that the primary object of medicine should be the care of patients rather than the advance of scientific knowledge. "To deride the hope of progress is, as Medawar wrote, admittedly fatuous", yet now "we seem to learn more and more about less and less". Dr Goldman recalls that, although about 250,000 supposedly original contributions to medical knowledge are published each year, little progress has been made in the management of the two great killing diseases, cancer and cardio-vascular disorders. "Vast amounts of money have been spent on this [cancer research] . . . always with the hope that the key discovery lies just around the corner of time. As yet, however, nothing practical has emerged."

This leads Dr Goldman to consider the next great modern problem: "Can a man be a good clinician as well as a good scientist?" The answer is that a few can; but it must be recognized that clinical and scientific judgments are different qualities. Dr Goldman proposes, and many will not agree, that "research in hospitals would . . . become essentially clinical and therapeutic, under the direction of a physician who is not a research physiologist in disguise. Basic research in immunology, molecular biology and similar subjects would take place outside the hospitals in appropriate research institutes." Such a split would not be welcomed by the medical establishment, as can be seen by the opposition to Lord Rothschild's 1972 proposals, which were in part directed towards this end.

There has been much discussion recently about experiments in medicine, both on animals and patients. In the 1970s more than 6 million animals have been killed for research purposes, but most doctors would strongly agree with Lord Cohen of Birkenhead that "the fact that there is a *post hoc* justification for an experiment does not justify it. An experiment is ethical or not at its conception." An experiment, in other words, must be for the good of the patient and not for the good of society or science. The fact that two medical students wrote to the *Lancet*, to question the propriety of some experimental work carried out on patients at the Hammersmith Hospital, shows the growing interest of students in moral and ethical matters involving the medical profession, although instruction in this field is, it seems, difficult to fit into any set curriculum.

Dr Goldman gives a good account of the advances made by the pharmaceutical industry in the manufacture of broad spectrum antibiotics, tranquillizers and drugs for the treatment of mental illness; but he points out that the budget for research by these firms is, though large, never as large as that for sales promotion. Many other problems, ethical and practical, are discussed in this stimulating book. It is claimed the authorities' general line of thought seems to be that in a health service managerial inefficiency is the real sin. Medical training tends to produce a technocrat and the essential role of the doctor "to hear, examine, weigh up and advise" is in danger of being lost. Aldous Huxley warned against "the welfare tyranny of Utopia"; medicine would do well to heed this warning before it is too late.

Dr Goldman says that the first chair of General Practice was established in Britain in 1971: but was not the chair in Edinburgh in existence for many years before that? And is it quite fair to suggest that the various committees of inquiry set up by the Minister of Health to investigate allegations made by Barbara Robb in her book *Sans Everything* were investigations of the "own judge and jury type" by the hospital authorities themselves?

The system by which complaints can be registered against general practitioners was started by Lloyd George with the Insurance Act more than sixty years ago, was taken over unchanged by Bevan in the National Health Service Act and will survive the forthcoming reorganization of this service. But Lloyd George's intention was to ensure that the state would get good value for money, not to provide a means whereby a dissatisfied patient could make a complaint against his own general practitioner.

Today, there are fewer than 500 complaints to the Executive Councils in the course of a year, of which about 200 are finally heard by the Medical Services Committees. These proceedings are held in private and are more like an arbitration than a trial. A small reduction, up to £100, in the annual payment to the general practitioner is the usual punishment, although in rare cases the offending doctor may lose his employment in the Health Service. The standards laid down for a doctor engaged in general practice are not excessive: it is expected that he shall exhibit the "standards which an ordinary reasonable practitioner could be expected to maintain".

In *Complaints against Doctors* Rudolf Klein points out that, although complaints to the Department of Health and Social Security number on average 9 per million patients a year, there are 1,106 grumbles, which never reach complaint, and 4,022 cases of friction between patient and doctor: the latter figure is assumed from the number of patients who change their doctor without changing their address (the smaller the doctor's list, the fewer will be the cases of friction). Many of the grumbles, and much of the friction, too, are not occasioned by criticism of professional skill in treatment; they are often complaints of bad or irritating manners on the part of the doctor or his receptionist. It is curious that now it is the complainant alone who must collect all the evidence for his complaint and present this, whereas before the National Health Service appeared the complainant was often helped by the appropriate Approved Society. The doctor, on the other hand, will be helped to answer the complaint by his professional organizations.

Mr Klein finishes his interesting account of a piece of professional history by stating that any future system of dealing with complaints by patients must be able

> to ensure that individual users of professional services have their grievances fully and impartially investigated, and will not be inhibited by lack of advice. . . . To ensure, however, that the professions are accountable for what they do is essential, since the best guarantee of an effective system of individual accountability is an effective system of collective accountability.

I. Douglas-Wilson and Gordon McLachlan state that "no amount of camouflage from vested interest—neither the bogey of 'Socialised medicine', nor the Aesculapius in chains the ultimate inevitabili intervention" in the fin financing of medicine services. In developed co demand for "care an nance" medicine is gro developing countries are between the need for pu measures and the "fashionable gadgetry": these aspirations the need finance and encourageme

The Lancet has carried ful service in publishing essays on medical practi lems in a number of co ten by prominent doctors country. It is interesting what substantial differe are between arrangement and other countries, no the rest of the EEC. For ample, the local authoriti will continue to be, activ ing some medical and medical services, while cal work is carried out mous bodies operating a Royal Charter or an Act ment. This does not EEC colleagues, where the venes, or controls, in a direct manner. It is Britain the National Heal is largely financed by the though about 12 per cent is supplied by contribution ployees and employers. Britain nearly all the tors are employed by or tract with, the National vice. In France, on the nearly 80 per cent of and about 60 per cent of tors are practising medi vately.

In England and Wales, that according to WHO the doctor to every 830 the population; this does of course, that these are contact with patients, for clude the large number in hospitals on research various sorts. The figure is one doctor to 800 peop Ghana there is one to 12

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A time to be open

JAMES WILKINSON :
The Conquest of Cancer
216pp. Hart-Davis, MacGibbon. £3.50.

Until a generation or two ago, news that a person had consumption was kept secret from the world, or whispered in shocked tones behind closed doors. With the development of chemical agents capable of destroying the tubercle bacillus in the body, pulmonary tuberculosis has become not only readily susceptible to treatment but also perfectly respectable.

Today, cancer unfortunately conjures up the same kind of shock and horror formerly evoked by tuberculosis. Unfortunately, because secrecy and unwillingness to consider and discuss the condition openly in a social context, as opposed to the professional setting, have led to a great deal of ignorance and misconception among the lay public, and it is this ignorance which is at the root of much of the suffering and death which cancer inflicts even in the most highly educated societies. If people knew more even about the most elementary aspects of cancer, were more open about it, and less terrified of it, available treatments would be much more successful than they are in bringing about cures for many kinds of cancer. A prime difficulty for the specialist in cancer therapy is that patients all too often present themselves too late for proper treatment to be successful; they postpone the seeking of advice and are consciously or unconsciously paralysed by the thought of cancer. And ignorance, with its consequent inactivity, is not confined to the public alone; there is an astonishing attitude of hopelessness in the face of cancer among too many general practitioners which is again responsible for the dangerous delay in beginning proper therapy.

It is therefore most heartening that James Wilkinson should have written *The Conquest of Cancer*—a very well-informed book by an author with a background of scientific training who is currently science correspondent of the *Daily Express*. It is intended for general readers and is presented in such a way that those with some understanding of science will not be bored and those without any will find the necessary basic concepts sensibly explained in simple terms. It represents a thoroughly healthy and timely attempt to bring the whole topic of cancer out into the open from behind the closed doors of the terminal treatment ward and the bedrooms of the dying.

Mr Wilkinson starts on a hopeful note by cataloguing the many types of cancer in which recent progress in therapy has dramatically improved our cure rates, and analyses the reasons which confined this information to medical and scientific workers—with the current attitude to cancer, most cured cases never reveal to their families and acquaintances the nature of their disease, and it is only the failures who are publicized. The introductory portion of the book also explains very dramatically how it is that carcinophobia actually prevents many sufferers from seeking early advice at a stage when their disease is curable.

After this, the nature of cancer is discussed and the roles of a variety of factors—chemical, radiological, occupational, environmental, and virological—are explored in terms of the latest developments in basic research. Some flavour of the excitement and hope which rapid progress in these fields engenders is conveyed by many interviews with leading workers and summaries of recent scientific meetings. With the background to the scene set in this extensive and balanced survey, the successes and failures of our main treatment methods are considered and the whole range of usefulness of surgery, radiotherapy, chemotherapy, and the infant science of immunotherapy, is carefully explained and evaluated. Even the most sceptical reader must surely be heartened by the progress which has bee none of the advances in therapy has come abou so-called "breakthrough" loved of the mass me rather by steady and c improvements which decades have so dramati creased the cure rate for of different forms of disease.

But it is in the last sectio book that Mr Wilkinson ma most obviously useful poin these all relate to things wh not be emphasized too often. ter on early diagnosis reve problem of delay in seeking advice and how this so gravely the outcome of treatment. A on smoking and cancer forth the social irresponsi governments in relation tobacco industry and the ri wasteful way in which we grapple with one of the few large-scale causes of cancer; one hand, there is the commercial expenditure on advertising and, on the other, mous public expenditure thro National Health Service on cope with the growing of smoking-induced lung patients. Finally, there is a mo tary assessment and expos unfortunate way in which horror of cancer can be exploi those who purvey unorthodox ments coupled with claims fo culous cures. It is high time the full story of the British team in gating the work of Dr Issel given the fair and wide airing it requires; if by nothing else Wilkinson has rendered a publ vice in doing this in the penult chapter of his book.

All in all, *The Conquest of Ca* is a timely and well-con attempt to bring cancer out fro shadows. Despite a large numb minor errors in proof-reading editing, which one hopes will be rected in subsequent editions, book deserves the widest atte from the public.

The voice of Young America

ROBERT W. JOHANNSEN :
Stephen A. Douglas
993pp. Oxford University Press. £9.

Stephen Arnold Douglas could, in the decade before the outbreak of the Civil War, claim to represent the political future of the United States, in terms both of his own abilities and of the rapid growth of the West. With the departure of an older generation, that of Calhoun, Clay and Webster, and the apparent dearth of talent implicit in the Democratic selection of Pierce and Buchanan and in the disintegration of the Whig Party, it seemed obvious that Douglas, a Congressman when thirty years old and Senator for Illinois a mere five years later, would advance still farther. His progress from obscurity in his native Vermont to prominence in his adopted state, where he had established himself as an attorney whose maturity—he was twenty-one—was as questionable as his legal knowledge, demonstrated the fruits and blights of Jacksonian expansion. Douglas had known immediately that his career would march together with territorial expansion. A matter of months after his arrival he could write: "I have become a Western man, have imbibed Western feelings, principles and interests and have selected Illinois as the favourite place of my adoption." From this commitment he never wavered.

A passionate admirer of Andrew Jackson, Douglas brought to his political style an energy and exuberance which appalled his more formal elders. In the House, John Quincy Adams quickly observed and deeply deplored the manner of his youthful colleague:

> His face was convulsed, his gesticulation frantic, and he lashed himself into such a heat that if his body had been made of combustible matter it would have burnt out. In the midst of his roarings, to save himself from choking, he stripped off and cast away his cravat, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and had the air and aspect of a half-naked pugilist. And this man comes from a judicial bench, and passes for an eloquent orator!

But Douglas spoke not for gentlemen but for Young America, a creed which promulgated "the great mission of progress . . . in the development and advancement of human rights throughout the world"—a process which often seemed indistinguishable from that by which the Republic extended its bounds—and which celebrated material achievements at home while scorning the decadence of a malevolent Europe. His spectacular ascent to national prominence formed a complete contrast to the largely unsuccessful endeavours of that obscure Illinois Whig, Abraham Lincoln.

Suggestions were to be heard as early as 1848 that Douglas should be nominated as Democratic candidate for the Presidency, in 1852 and 1856 his candidacy evoked passionate support—and opposition—with consolation for failure provided by the thought that his comparative youth made success more likely at the next election. That hope was not fulfilled in 1860 when he won the nomination at the price of disrupting the party: although Douglas, alone of the four candidates, waged a national campaign, his sizable popular support was so scattered as to secure him only twelve electoral votes. Lincoln, whose prominence had largely derived from his unsuccessful challenge in 1858 for Douglas's Senate seat, had gained the prize so long pursued by his better-known rival. The interests of the West and the cause of Union would be sustained by a seemingly lesser figure. Any belief that Douglas would prevail in 1864 soon vanished: burnt out by his exertions, the "Little Giant" succumbed on June 3, 1861, to an accumulation of ailments which exhaustion and physicians rendered fatal. He was forty-nine.

The nation's grief quickly gave way to indifference; Lincoln, not Douglas, was enshrined as the sacrifice of Illinois to the cause of Union. Douglas's claims to political stature did not revive until after the appearance in 1934 of George Fort Milton's adulatory *Eve of Conflict*. The restoration of Douglas's reputation consequently made steady progress, and may now be considered complete with the publication of this authoritative biography.

Although Robert Johannsen has provided a lengthy account of a short political career, his pursuit of detail does not appear excessive: between 1850 and 1861 Douglas stood at the centre of that continual series of political crises which led to the Civil War and his life become inseparable from the history of the times. The details of the Compromise of 1850, three presidential campaigns, the origins and ramifications of the Kansas-Nebraska issue, the debates of 1858 with Lincoln, the emergence of the Republican party and the Democratic split, cannot be scamped in an evaluation of Douglas's career and significance. In general, this biography supports received opinions of the political origins of the Civil War and the role of Douglas in those events: its particular contribution is its meticulous delineation of an outstanding politician's responsibility for a disaster which he had, for a decade, sought to avert.

Professor Johannsen's admiration of Douglas is evident, if restrained: he provides ample opportunity for arriving at an historical judgment without entering into controversial, and possibly fruitless, distinctions between the achievements of Antebellum politicians. Yet the link between the failure of the aims of Douglas and of the appeal of the Union impels an attempt to discern connexions between the deficiencies of the individual and of the "noble experiment". Douglas possessed boundless energies, ambition, and belief in the territorial and material growth of the United States; he sought wealth avidly, yet was careless of its conservation; he rejected slavery as an institution and denied the possibility of racial equality; his commitment to democracy was as sustained as it was ill-defined. His policies are frequently described by Professor Johannsen as "pragmatic", an approach which won him battles but cost him the campaign. As the conflict heightened, pragmatism could assuage neither the conscience of New England nor the fears of the South. Even the West, where Douglas became the enemy of both Republicans and Democrats, possessed neither the strength nor the unity to assume, as he had dreamed, charge of the political fortunes of the Republic. His strength—and weakness—remained an insensitivity to that issue which grew steadily immune to compromise and practical solutions: slavery.

Douglas was not a tragic figure. Sharing many qualities and characteristics with Lincoln, he appears, by comparison, coarse-grained and unreflecting; but his talents did not deserve to be obscured by the disastrous outcome of his efforts. "Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States" was his last message to his sons. He never knew that his passage of laws and interpretations of the Constitution had contributed as greatly to the disruption as they had to the development of the nation.

The Apache trail

ALEXANDER B. ADAMS :
Geronimo
381pp. New English Library. £2.95.

FRANCIS PAUL PRUCHA (Editor) :
Americanizing the American Indians
Writings by the "Friends of the Indian" 1880-1900
358pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £6.25.

Although described as an "illustrated biography", *Geronimo* is not particularly well furnished with either illustrations or biographical detail. It sketches the career of a figure feared for a ferocity bred of bitter experiences at the hands of both Mexicans and Americans, whose knowledge of an expanse of inaccessible territory countered the army's efforts to track him down, but whose capacity to initiate a direct attack was at best limited and more commonly attended by failure. Alexander B. Adams's account is, however, not without merit as a general narrative of the Apache wars, even if he follows trails which seem now to have attracted more historians than they once did settlers. The paucity of personal evidence indicates how Geronimo's prominence was, even to his name, an invention of his enemies, as they sought to identify opponents on an individual basis familiar to the White man but of little meaning, except perhaps for prowess in war, to the Indians.

As long as unsettled country separated areas of United States and Mexican rule, and until the technological superiority of Americans became evident with the construction of railroads and the use of artillery, an Apache way of life could be maintained despite harassment and incursions. A sufficiently effective resistance was offered to deprive military efforts of success in territory where the use of Apache scouts ultimately proved more effective than an overwhelming advantage in firepower. The cost of this suppression contrasted absurdly with the funds and facilities made available to encourage Indian participation in a superior civilization.

Geronimo's life spanned the period between the expulsion of the Civilized Tribes from their lands east of the Mississippi and the final dispersion of western Indian malcontents to prisons and reservations in the most inaccessible locations to be found in the southern United States. In the later stages of this prolonged, bloodstained, and faithless process of pacification, liberal consciences were moved to protest at the treatment of the Indians.

Francis Paul Prucha has assembled extracts from the proceedings and proposals of these "Friends of the Indians", who met annually at Lake Mohonk in New York to review and deplore the failures of Indian policy. Mainly Eastern in background, Protestant in faith, articulate, and influential to the extent that links with Washington could affect the shaping and application of Indian policy, these critics coupled anger at the dismal record of the past with radical proposals for its extinction in the future. As Lyman Abbott saw it, "The Indian problem is three problems—land, law, and education." These problems had been created by official recognition of basic differences in Indian and White society. Indians had owned land communally and not individually; they had been denied access to courts of law since they were not citizens; education, the indispensable purveyor of enlightenment, had been withheld from them. The reformers were agreed that, if a transformation could be brought about in these three fundamental aspects of Indian life, the savage—stripped of tribal bonds, social vices, and ignorance—could become an American.

By the close of the century, therefore, the Indian was presented with a desperate choice of alternatives: restriction to tribal life on reservations which offered neither adequate nor familiar conditions for a traditional existence, or surrender of every inherited quality—even performing in Wild West shows was denounced—as a prerequisite for being able to feel at home in America. The first immigrants were to be submitted to the same process as that applied to the most recently arrived, an irony that escaped the notice of their self-appointed champions. Rarely, if ever, was the doctrine of the melting-pot so forcefully enunciated, and its failure to achieve the assimilation of a comparatively small and weak element of the population, at a time when cultural pluralism was denounced rather than admired, may have grown in significance in the light of subsequent events. If Geronimo has become an American hero, the Indians have preserved, at a cost, a distinct identity within American society.

On sacred service

STEPHEN CLISSOLD :
The Saints of South America
217pp. Charles Knight. £3.

The ten saints in Stephen Clissold's book—he is concerned only with the officially canonized variety—all lived between the mid-sixteenth and mid-seventeenth century. Spain's political decline, he suggests, was accompanied by a spiritual flagging. They emerge out of the stark, heroic, ambiguous and brutal age of the *conquistadores* who perpetually undermined the work of the missionaries. Most of the saints, but especially St Peter Claver, "the slave of the slaves", had a good record on "racialism". But it was a period when serious theological argument raged on whether the Indians were fundamentally innocent or "no better than beasts". It is anachronistic to apply smug modern standards to people who cheerfully smashed idols and destroyed civilizations in the name of Christ. Their legacy remains in Latin America today, the juxtaposition of European cities and an exploited Indian hinterland.

Making these saints come alive is a difficult literary enterprise. They were nearly all ferocious, almost maniacal, in their penances. They were not usually gay companions. The "one thing necessary" blotted out everything else. What seemed edifying to their biographers can seem alarming to us. Thus St Luis Bertrán "never made the slightest joke nor related idle talk". St Rosa de Santa Maria refused to play with dolls, fearing they might turn out to be idols, and she made a vow of virginity at the age of five. She tormented her frail body. She wore a crown of thorns beneath her veil and made sure it hurt. But at least she played the guitar and composed some fine mystical poems. The most sympathetic of the group is the outcast, the Dominican lay-brother, St Martin de Porres. He was born of a coloured woman and an unknown father. He loved animals, and had a genuine gift of healing. He was also credited with "agility" and "subtility"— the ability to be in two places at once and to pass through solid objects. In him, as in some of the others, immense craggy goodness met immense gullibility.

Mr Clissold has one eye on the contemporary world to which he presents a thesis. It is that people need saints, until secularization sets in, when they have to content themselves with heroes, pseudo-saints who cannot really satisfy their spiritual hunger. And in Latin America the "substitute saints" receive the veneration due to true saints. Their relics are piously preserved: Cuba has secured the severed hands of Che Guevara; Eva Perón's ashes were kept in the trade-union headquarters in Rio and she was known as the Madonna of the Americas. But all these pseudo-saints, for Mr Clissold, are subject to the changing whims of fashion. They have their day. They pass. The true saints, God-intoxicated to the point of eccentricity or folly, are for all seasons. But even saints cannot be so easily lifted out of time and dumped in eternity. If sanctity is in the end the heroic following of Christ in the service of one's brethren, then one could see emerging in Latin America today a new breed of saint whose austerity was service, and whose service was political.

DAVID & CHARLES

Check-list for 24 January

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David & Charles
Newton Abbot . Devon

The bishop who couldn't say No

DAVID L. EDWARDS :

Ian Ramsey

101pp. Oxford University Press. £2.

The walls of episcopal houses are covered with pictures of former occupants in their lawn sleeves. But how many reveal the men who wore them? David Edwards showed in a previous book, *Leaders of the Church of England*, his flair for ecclesiastical biography. That book was hailed in the *TLS* (January 28, 1972) as "an absorbing book, extremely learned and immensely readable". These qualities he has now devoted to a study of the late Ian Ramsey, Bishop of Durham. It is obviously too soon for a Life or for any objective assessment of his work. What we have here is a tribute of affection, quickly compiled while his memory is still green, but a candid memoir, not a hagiography.

When Ramsey died at the age of fifty-seven there were many who felt that the Church had sustained a loss comparable with the death of William Temple. There had been widespread hope and expectation that he would be the next Archbishop of Canterbury, and he may have been appointed with that in view. But would he have been the right man for the Primacy?

Some grounds are suggested here for doubting it. (George Bell "ought" certainly to have succeeded Temple, and his claims to office appeared to be incontestable; but though Geoffrey Fisher may not have been so great a man he probably made a better archbishop.) But "if anyone hoped that by the 80's the Church of England under Ramsey's leadership would have formulated a strong message to the new society and would have recovered its inner confidence, that person would be paying a tribute to Ramsey greater than any truly applicable to William Temple" (Canon Edwards tends to underestimate Temple's stature).

Temple was one of the eminent Victorians, Ramsey a child of the social revolution. Temple had been born in the purple and, despite his leftish political inclinations, had his roots deep in the establishment. Ramsey was bred and brought up in a poor home—he never forgot Lancashire in the 1930s—and had to make his own way by scholarships through Farnworth Grammar School to Christ's College, Cambridge. Temple's training had been in the humanities, Ramsey's was scientific and mathematical.

He was a product of the new society, moving away from middle-class values, technological, urban and deeply secularized, blindly trying to build up a new culture. This is one of the clues to understanding of him. Most of his life he was haunted by the vision of a new culture, a new kind of humanity, penetrated and directed by Christian insights, not from outside itself but from within. That was how he came to think of theology, as an inter-disciplinary contribution, illuminating, interpreting and correcting other kinds of knowledge about the universe. That was how he came to think of the Church, in its "outreach" into the complex social whole.

Until nearly the end of his time Temple could still take for granted a friendly philosophy. Ramsey was led to accept his Chair at Oxford by news of the strange philosophical goings-on there. He hoped, as a science-trained theologian, to come to terms with logical empiricism, and no doubt he did make an effective dent in it. The chapter heading, "A philosophy of 'And more'", neatly indicates his position. Theology, he agreed with his colleagues, must be firmly earthed in empirical realities, which must always provide the models for its discourse. But it was also about something more than met the naked eye of the empiricist, and this "more" was from time to time disclosed in revelatory "disclosure situations". But does the "more" which he claimed as being disclosed when the ice thaws and the penny drops go beyond that of "descriptive" metaphysics?

Is it a disclosure of the transcendent? In an off-guard moment he once allowed himself to call the Beatles a "cosmic disclosure", and of course, in a sense, anything that happens may be held to disclose something about the cosmos. But what is the criterion for knowing whether what is disclosed is really God? Perhaps he never properly answered that.

It is too soon yet for a considered judgment, and the *magnum opus* which was to have crowned his thinking—it was to have been called *Fact, Metaphysics and God*—never got beyond the first draft. If he did not wholly succeed, it was "a brave failure".

He became more and more deeply involved in large questions of Christian social ethics. More and more he was drawn into groups—commissions, committees, working parties—many of them convened by himself, working out the relation of Christianity to medicine, to industry, to science, to education, and, at the end, to broadcasting, and was fast becoming lord high chairman of everything. All of it involved incessant travelling and close homework in the non-existing intervals. In the Lords, he made some notable interventions; but, as some of his hearers report, he tended to speak too often and too long ... *ad lib* without adeq... tion—there simply had ... hour to spare for that.

Meanwhile, there may ... of Durham—how could ... man do justice to the ... Certainly he was a great bishop, who made the C... as it had not for yea... depressed communities ... North-East. The Durham ... took him to their hearts ... ated many creative ... but was seldom able to ... properly through. He w... out, but more often ou... When he was in Durham ... have been in Westminster ... minster he should have ... Durham. He refused m... gave himself unreservedly ... ever new commitment ... took. For he sho... Temple the fatal limitati... bility ever to say No. "He ... says Canon Edwards, "... priorities. He had no ... crimination or proportion ... ponding to what he saw ... So, despite the advice and ... of his friends, he killed ... merciless overdriving—... to his own generosity. ... never again see anyone ... him.

This is a thoroughly vivid book for which many friends will be gr...

The odyssey of the reluctant professor

MIRCEA ELIADE :

Fragments d'un Journal

Translated by Luc Badesco.

571pp. Paris : Gallimard. 47fr.

Mircea Eliade may be a controversial figure, but there can be no doubt that he has done much to inspire and influence those many young men and women who, after being admitted in increasing numbers to our universities, find, to their bitter disgust, that they are being offered not the bread of wisdom but the stone of specialized pedantry. Mircea Eliade is not by nature an academic and he does not fit naturally into his professorially square chair in the University of Chicago. He makes no secret of his loathing for the fashionable "scientific" approach to what are still called the "arts", nor does he conceal the fact that he finds the whole business of "research", involving as it does so much work that is in itself utterly tedious, frankly and utterly boring. So much he freely confesses, and in this he reflects a general *malaise*, a disgruntled feeling so marked among the more imaginative young that the whole business of higher education, so far from being a deepening of consciousness and understanding, is simply an atrophy of the mind.

So far so good. But you cannot have it both ways. Scholarship, for better or for worse, is concerned with data and their analysis. It does not matter whether your data are the minutely observed phenomena of science proper or, say, of Shamanism and Yoga, in both of which fields Professor Eliade has made a substantial contribution. Whatever the subject of inquiry, accuracy and a due respect for sources, of whatever nature they may be, must be the foundation on which any theoretical construction, however imaginative, can validly be built. Professor Eliade's weakness is that he is all too prone to bend his sources, however recalcitrant, to the exigencies of his creative imagination. The result is a fascinating insight into what reality perhaps ought to be, but can the resultant picture be true if the premises on which it is built are to a certain extent misrepresented? In Professor Eliade's case, more rigorous scholars have found that, in far too many cases, he supports his thesis in the text by a reference or references in a footnote, yet on looking up the reference they find that what the source referred to actually says has little or no relevance to what the author's text alleges it says. "Creative spontaneity" is one thing, accurate scholarship is quite another. Can the two be combined? This is the dilemma between the horns of which Professor Eliade has uneasily perched for some forty years.

The history of religions, or whatever you want to call this ever-proliferating branch of academic study, still suffers from an inbred schizophrenia. Is the professor to play the Guru, teaching his disciples how to regulate their breathing à la Yoga or making them shout *mu* at the top of their voices with a view to ultimate enlightenment à la Zen, or is he to resign himself to the "scientific" presentation of the elusive facts and quantify for the easier comprehension of the spiritually dull what of its nature is not quantifiable? It is not easy to find a middle way, but perhaps one should try, and Professor Eliade has tried; and the pattern of creative reconstruction (*axis mundi*, centre of the world, sacred space, sacred time, etc, etc) which has emerged has been accepted with enthusiasm by the initiates, rejected with censorial displeasure by professional academics. But Professor Eliade is what publishers like to call a "name", and you cannot ignore him.

These "fragments of a diary" (which, as fragments go, are pretty solid) illuminate Eliade the man and his extraordinary career, which brought him from prewar Romania, via Calcutta and Rishikesh in India and the distinguished Orientalist establishment of Renou, Dumézil, de Menasce, and Corbin in Paris, to the concrete desert of Chicago. The title of one of Professor Eliade's best known works is *The Myth of the Eternal Return*, and this sums up his whole interpretation of religion. It is also conditioned by the odyssey of his own life; for, as these "fragments" so movingly show, he, the highly successful and much honoured doyen of the fellowship of historians of religion, is, nevertheless, consumed by an unquenchable nostalgia for his native Romania, for him the "centre of the world" in very truth.

He had not asked to be what he has become, for, it might almost be said, he drifted into the history of religions in Romania at a time when he saw his vocation as being that of a novelist. He still does, and his tragedy would appear to be that his novels have never caught on, not even in his beloved Romania, whereas his works on religion have had an immense success. However, once he had become possessed by the demon of what is really "natural religion", as opposed to the "revealed" religions of the Hebrews and their Arab heirs, for which he has no use at all, he accepted his new role with an enthusiasm verging on the prophetic.

He sees himself now as a hierophant destined to interpret the ancient hierophanies which are even now universally true to any who have ears to hear: "Il ne s'agit pas de se laisser 'inspirer' par ces mythes ou légendes exotiques—mais de créer poétiquement dans une perspective où la signification et la beauté des mythes . . . se révèlent au lecteur avec une force égale à celle de Rilke lui révélant le sens du mythe d'Orphée." Hence the history of religions as he understands it is a "saving discipline", a kind of academic depth psychology running parallel to that of Jung, whose concept of the "archetypes" Professor Eliade claims to have inspired.

Eliade and Jung, indeed, have much in common, for both try to bring up into consciousness archetypal forces, whose reality neither of them doubts: only so can modern cerebral and mechanized man achieve wholeness and rediscover his sacral roots at his own "centre of the world". Again, both claimed with what seems to be an unnatural shrillness that their methodology was essentially scientific and empirical, which it obviously is not.

Certainly it is gratifying to see Professor Eliade setting about Freud for his ignorant excursus into the religious field; but, if Freud's sin was to generalize from one or two samples (and ill-attested ones at that) from the vast amount of anthropological evidence available to him, then Professor Eliade himself repeats his sin though on a far less crass scale; for there are far more "patterns" to be discerned in the religions of mankind that he is disposed to take into account. The same, of course, is true of Jung: if new phenomena contradict their own cherished hypotheses, admittedly based on previously observed phenomena, then these awkward novelties are quietly left out of account.

But then Professor Eliade knows the magnitude and near-impossibility of the task he has set himself. After all, the history of religions is only a second-best to the truly creative work of writing novels. Unfortunately there *are* facts to be considered: you cannot just make them up. "The history of religions", he writes, "is an impossible discipline. You have got to know everything, consult at least a dozen ancillary disciplines from prehistory to folklore, perpetually chase after reliable sources and continually consult specialists of every shape and kind." Professor Eliade has no patience with these myopic specialists who, in their infatuation, have not the decent humility to restrict themselves to their chosen little allotment and play out their own humble part as "the little worker-bee, gathering honey for the queens to eat".

Professor Eliade is not ... in Chicago: his world is ... American world, with all ... factitiousness, its quantit... values, and its fatuous ... all that was new in Eu... decades ago (the American ... of the essentially vacuous ... of Heidegger and of Heide... self come in for special ... rather it is the world of ... Romania to which he ... looks back, his paradise lost ... he knows he will never retu... so he can cry in despair: "... *arrive, nous sommes perdu*... monde, mon monde à moi ... médiablement condamné." ... and yet. . . . The history of ... as *seen* by himself may yet ... "once it is understood". A ... dream—and a beautiful book ...

Fragments d'un Journal is ... the best thing that Professor ... has written because it is a ... fully constructed novel abo... self—not about Professor ... the glory of Chicago Univers... about Mircea Eliade, the Ro... boy supple enough to adap... more sophisticated Latinity ... but a spiritual exile in the ... "heaven" of the United States ... he depicts in these "fragme... a thoroughly Gnostic myth of ... he is both the hero and the ...

And this is how the book ... be read: but, from the purely ... tive point of view, too, it is ... interest. Professor Eliade's ... certainly not the academic est... ment, not even that of French ... alism in Paris, although his ... were fully appreciated there ... pillars of Sanskrit orthodoxy ... Renou and Jean Filliozat; it is ... the world of imaginative lite... with a distinctly mystical ... which the late Olga Fröbe-K... provided an idyllic centre in ... Eranos near Ascona that very ... became the Mecca of academi... others with an interest in myst... Jung, and the occult. Prof... Eliade's encounters with the ... bers of this circle and ... sympathizers from Jung hims... Father Martin d'Arcy are ... interest, and some of the scen... describes one would dearly ... read again.

But let the reader be warned ... will not be easy, for there is no i... This seems inexcusable in a bo... this length and interest, but, as ... one knows, the compilation of ... dexes is no part of the French ... life. We can only hope that an ... lish translation will appear in ... course *with* index (as is norm... this country). The book was ... case written in Romanian and ... only hope that any *future* Eng... translation will be as gracefully ... dered as is this French one, ...

FAREWELL HAPPY FIELDS

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Private pleasures

JOHN FULLER :

Epistles to Several Persons

61pp. Secker and Warburg. £1.75 (paperback, £1).

IGHT VERSE bears close affinities to self-abuse: it may not be the real thing, but it has its own ...uliar satisfactions. To begin with, ...t and reader enjoy the sur...unted difficulties of form. John ...ller's testing form is the "stan...d habbie", taken from Burns and ... called by Allan Ramsay after ...bert Sempill's "Life and Death ... the Piper of Kilbrachan or, the ...taph of Habbie Simpson". From ... Mr Fuller extracts some dazzling ...me sequences (incognito-SEATO-...ito-pardons-*Emperor Hirohito-...w Gardens*) as witty as, say, ...den's "Akureyri-very dreary" or ...cNeice's "gaffelbitar-Rye-vita". ...e Master, however, remains the ...ster.

The danger of light verse (as of ...f-abuse) is that it can seem pri... . One recalls Auden's in-joke in ... *Letter to Lord Byron*—"docu...ntaries by the GPO"—which ...ers to "Night Mail", written ... Grierson's documentary. Or, ...rse, the arcana of the MacNeice-...den joint composition, "Last ...ll and Testament", which rivals ... obscurity the Villon it parodies. ... take an example from *Epistles ... Several Persons*, one wonders ...at an American would make of ...ls:

...anagerial boobs
...d answers that you won't take no
for
...om *Fine Tubes*.

...esumably, the innuendo will be ...st as *Fine Tubes* fails to ring ... door chimes. Baffled Harvard ...rofessors should consult the *New ...tatesman* for August 27, 1971, ...arch 10, 1972, and July 28, 1972. ...ere they will find James Fenton's ...ticles on the longest strike in ...ritain's history and will inevitably ...k themselves whether the refer...ce is legitimate without a note.

The answer is yes, because Mr ...uller has turned to advantage the ...anger of privacy. The compiler of ...*emo's Almanac* (a literary quiz of ...possible difficulty, designed to ...eep the most learned academic ...usy for a full year) has mined his ...ew volume with references. But ...o references are calculated to ...affle the merely academic: thus, ...anted the knowledge that Luigi Nono is an Italian composer and Charles Ives an early American experimentalist, will the same person know that Olga Korbut is a Russian Gymnast or that Paul Newman played Eddie Fingers in Robert Rossen's film, *The Hustler*? How many people know that "Rolling Down to Rio" is a Kipling shanty set by Edward German *and* that Frank Bough is a BBC sports commentator *and* that Dave Wottle is the be-capped United States and Olympic 800 metres champion?

In addition to this competitive quiz element, there is the pleasure to be derived from Mr Fuller's play with decorum — something he perhaps learnt from Burns. Burns begins with an uneasy mixture of Lallans and the educated neo-classic style reserved for moments of high seriousness. It is a mélange which ruins "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "The Vision", but eventually Burns used high-style reference for comic purpose. Take his list of the forty-five Scottish MPs in the English Parliament under the terms of the Act of Union:

Erskine, a spunkie norland billie;
True Campels, *Frederic* an' *Ilay*;
An' Livistone, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
An' mony ithers,
Whom Auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

In the same way, Mr Fuller's elevated references (Pablo Sarasate, Stockhausen, Deuteronomy) are deliberate breaches of light verse decorum, particularly when they occur in the splendid isolation of the short last line, with all the arhythmical force of a clerihew.

But nothing will convince the person who instinctively loathes the "crambo-jingle", the "spavet *Pegasus*", as Burns put it. Despite its long history, the verse letter has never really been accepted: Burns's Muse, "the tapetless, ramfeez'd hizzie", has never been welcome in literature's polite drawing room. And perhaps there is a case for insisting on the puerility of the exchange between "wan-fukkit funling" Dunbar and "cuntbittin crawdoun" Kennedy—a slugfest of unparalleled tedium. Equally, one might easily forget Keats's verse letters to George Felton Matthew, George Keats, Charles Cowden Clark and J. H. Reynolds; the case for verse is not improved when the poet's inspiration is an admitted lack of inspiration, all too clearly illustrated:

There must be too a ruin dark and gloomy,
To say "joy not too much in all that's bloomy".

And even when the obvious failures have been eliminated, the fact remains that, since the Romantics, wit and poetry have raised some forbidding eyebrows. Arnold, for example, condemned Burns by the absurd standard of Dante's "In la sua volontade è nostra pace"—a touchstone guaranteed to brain any light verse unlucky enough to come into contact with it. Moreover, it is foolish to defend verse on ground chosen by its enemies: a cry of *vive la différence* is more effective than Byron's totalizing of Pope's images (23) in the attack on Lord Hervey:

Whether I made out a case for Pope, I know not; but I am very sure that I have been zealous in the attempt. If it comes to proof, we shall beat the Blackguards. I will show more *imagery* in twenty lines of Pope than in any equal length of quotation in English poesy, and that in places where they least expect it: for instance, in his lines on *Sporus*. . . . Look at the *variety*, at the *poetry*, of the passage—at the *imagination*: there is hardly a line from which a *painting* might not be made, and *is*.

Alas, given these grounds, Arnold, brushing aside Byron's pocket calculator, comes back with:

To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down;
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own.

—and condemns Dryden and Pope as "classics of our prose". On the whole, it seems better to insist, with Auden, on the incomparability of poetry and verse:

By all means let us touch our humble caps to
La poésie pure, the epic narrative;
But comedy shall get its round of claps, too.
According to his powers, each may give;
Only on varied diet can we live.
The pious fable and the dirty story
Share in the total literary glory.

As a defence, this refusal to fight is better than Eliot's insistence that, for some people, thought (wit thinly disguised) *is* emotion. But the trouble with literary pacifism, the frank admission of inferior status, is that verse never knows its place. When Auden writes "I'm writing in pencil on my knee—using my other hand to stop me yawning", the rise into serious poetry is only stanzas away. Burns, too, is constantly lapsing into the real thing:

When lintwhites chant among the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With waefu' cry!

And one remembers Pope's description of Villiers' death, which rivals Hogarth:

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies. . . .

It is a beautifully constructed sentence, guiding the eye from object to object, until we reach the marvellously deferred subject. Mr Fuller, too, is not guiltless of writing well. And if Pope reminds us here of Milton and Arnold's comment on the opening of *Paradise Lost*—"So chary of a sentence is he, so resolute not to let it escape him till he has crowded into it all he can, that it is not until the thirty-ninth word in the sentence that he will give us the key to it, the word of action, the verb"—Mr Fuller often reminds one of Pope. In the letter to Angus Macintyre, for example, there is a surreal fantasy about bringing Oxford's academic procedure to the countryside: it is as good as Pope's fantasy in the *Epistle to Bathurst* about the abolition of all currency. And there are genuinely evocative moments:

an interrogator's cigarette
Quietly glowing.

The problem of the "form that's large enough to swim in" is insoluble and will remain so. Chaff and grain lies side by side, demanding a catholic response from the reader. Mr Fuller's mixture is not, finally, as potent as Pope's. There are too many empty stanzas (created by the impetus of his ornate form) for the comparison to be sustained. But *Epistles to Several Persons* will be welcomed for its skill by all who like light verse, while those who do not may retort, like Thom Gunn, that

It's better
To go and see your friend than write a letter.

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TIMES PAST THE TIMES

T·L·S

73rd Year 18 January 1974 No. 3,750

Viewpoint

BY DAVID ECCLES

MOST NATIONS, and it does not seem to matter whether they are liberal or authoritarian, are becoming harder to govern. One reason, common to all, is the growing difficulty for key groups in the administration, industry, the arts and sciences to understand each other's business. Research and technology have shrunk the world and increased the interdependence of its parts at a fearful cost in separating individuals, breaking up communities and hobbling and staking the most talented men in patches of specialized knowledge. In 1970, when I returned to government, I expected that all those inside and outside Whitehall, who were doing work of any importance, would still be speaking in more or less the same language about their own and the national interests. Instead a tide of incomprehension was invading the common ground, leaving isolated peaks of expertise with quite inadequate means of communication between them. The accumulation of knowledge was bound to go on, but could anything be done to stop it from pulling society to pieces?

Failure to understand what your neighbour, or it may be your employer or employee, is talking about should be a priority for reform—a new kind of poverty, which will not be removed by a more equal distribution of more bread. The critical area of deprivation now lies in the cultural relations between people rather than in their incomes and possessions. The differentials in knowledge and culture, often as jealously guarded as a differential in wages, keep people apart and make them indifferent if not hostile to each other.

This sets the problem: how to multiply accessible forms of experience which draw together men and women from different occupations and backgrounds, and so give them a better chance to learn about their common condition. The Christian religion united us in this way. The church told us why the fellowship of all men transcends their differences—where they come from, what they do, know, feel and possess. But, the Jews apart, institutional religion is now too far from the current concept of reality to hold a modern nation together. Is there then no way of appreciating a man's worth except by objective tests like his academic or economic achievement? If so, technology will soon make every free society ungovernable. This is where we are stuck today, but I do not think it will be long before the desire grows to relearn the habit of looking for truth on a level where proof is unobtainable. And so to what intermediate forms of experience do we turn? The best prospect is offered by a renewal of community life and through the arts and adult education, including a bigger and more sensitive contribution from the media. Not that culture can carry us to the heart of the matter, but like Virgil in the *Divine Comedy*, it is the best guide for a long part of the way, and sometimes a man looking for silver, as Dante said, accidentally finds gold.

In the arts, as is to be expected, one meets with scepticism about the attempt to widen the circle of appreciation. Some of those on the inside, whose help is essential, do not believe that a large new public for the arts exists. They discount what the postwar schools have done to start children on an acquaintance with music, drama, dancing, painting and the crafts. The follow-up, they say, has been and always will be extremely disappointing; but this may only mean that the opportunities are not there to test how widely interests aroused at school could be developed. This is particularly true of active participation in the arts, where the line which we have drawn between professionals and amateurs has held up progress on both sides. The amateurs need more instruction from the professionals and the professionals need larger audiences from the amateurs. Television introduces everybody to the arts as a spectacle. Millions of viewers appreciate the style and intricacy of the movements on the football field. Football is the people's ballet on a marvellous scale. By contrast the fine arts are still top-class luxuries, not because only the rich can afford them—that excuse is dead now that there is money for cars, holidays abroad, meals out and trips to the Cup Final or the Tutankhamun and Chinese Exhibitions. Expense is not an immediate obstacle, nor is the capacity to appreciate art. Radio and gramophone records have won an enormous following for popular and classical music. The other fine arts are still luxuries because, like wine made from grapes grown in Britain, they are not available in the volume that would meet the inarticulate demand.

For the arts to provide, in all parts of the country and for all sorts and conditions of people, a deeper shared experience of life would require a large investment of capital. If we assume a parallel increase in support from local authorities, the present central grants, already double what they were under the Labour Government, would have to be doubled again from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000 a year, if by the end of the century we are to have a comprehensive network of theatres, concert halls, art centres and provincial museums. Consequential grants would have to be made for the increase in number and pay of artists, managers, animateurs, and curators. The sceptics will point out that, even if all these funds were provided, there would be no guarantee that a new public would turn up at the box-office. No doubt the charmed circle would be enlarged but probably only by recruits from the middle class. This, I understand, has been the experience, much deplored, of some of the large art centres on the Continent. The sceptics would therefore have to be convinced that the results we are after could be achieved, if we took two further steps essential to the programmes of expansion.

First, those within the charmed circle must be persuaded to design the expansion of the arts expressly to reach a new public. This is asking a lot of dedicated professionals, because it means providing ladders of experience, that is, events to see and activities to share of very varying subtlety, which could be enjoyed on the way to appreciating higher forms of art. The disastrous mistake is to assume that the majority of the population either can never reach maturity or can reach it in one bound.

Secondly, to a much greater degree than at present, the publicity for the extended opportunities to become involved in the arts has to be aimed at a public which is ignorant by Arts Council standards and is very often scared of being shown up as ignorant. By all means let us go on writing reviews and articles which only the insiders can understand. Who would deny them the pleasure and the odd headache which we get from such criticism? But now those with the talent—I am sure they exist and when commissioned would enjoy the work—must add a second series of reviews, trailers, stories, etc, which bait the hook by interpreting the arts to the public waiting to be asked to come in.

The proposal to give so much time and resources to creating ladders of experience has its opponents. Those inside the temple are not always keen to smooth the path for the crowd to enter. They know their duty to preserve the cult and enrich the treasury. See what passionate appeals museums will make to raise the money to add one more object to their collections! They do not appeal to mend the roof, or air-condition the galleries, or build a restaurant or car-park. Single-minded devotion to the interests of the expert (the original instruction to the Director of the British Museum said he was not to admit more than ten persons every three hours) was forgivable so long as the government grants were small enough not to attract much attention, and the number of visitors who might come in if the facilities they wanted were provided was of no social or political significance.

But those days are over. A new era has begun, in which the real problem, as I tried not always successfully to show those responsible, is not whether there is an unsatisfied demand for the arts and museums, but how we are to get the money to meet it. Without very large sums the buildings cannot be put up nor the scholars relieved of work which wastes their talents, and others appointed who have a gift for dealing with the general public. The same is true of all the arts: they need more space and equipment and more auxiliary staff to expand their work in new directions.

A policy for spreading the arts has to take account of certain facts. First, those who plan and organize its execution should know as much as possible about the people they are trying to interest. It follows that the programmes should be designed locally, community by community, with the result that they will differ widely from one part of the country to another. In this work the role of the Arts Council is to provide common services and grants through the regional arts associations. The three most important central services are grants towards capital projects, arrangements for touring, in which the Council has great experience, and help with publicity, which lags far behind the production of artistic events.

Secondly, attention will have to be given to the training and recruitment of animateurs, that is, men and women who know about art, can organize artistic events and interpret them to very mixed audiences. In the colleges of art, music and drama there must be students who would welcome a career in this field.

Thirdly, the link betw... and the education system... some places, could general... improved. Teachers do... work with the public li... introducing children to th... library. They could tell us... how to organize the arts... on from the experience... school. Similar relations... the schools and museums ar... ing excellent results in lo... and archaeology. "I like... Abraham Lincoln said, "... of the place he lives in"... same vein Jacques Duha... he was Minister of Culture in France, told me that... greater interest in the pla... people live is the found... spreading the arts across... munity.

Fourthly, the film as a w... is coming into its own. Th... ably a spin-off from televi... viewer wants to explore fur... film can express some any... world about him. The audi... these films are particularly... as they bring together peo... every sort of background, wh... find it easier, having enjoyed... in company ready mixed b... sion, to move across to the c...

Finally, literature is the... art. No one seems to be... best to encourage the sprea... the general public of read... prose and poetry. That is, d... why the Arts Council grant... ture remains so modest. I... at the way in which several... governments are helping th... and did not find much that w... copy. I thought of asking th... of *TLS* to hold a competitio... to spend an annual grant of... on persuading the public t... open a book to acquire pra... formation to read for pla... well. Carl Foreman wrote... with the good suggestion... should subsidize the writin... scripts. This would bring... and film-makers together... that would interest a large...

* * *

The rise in the price of raw m... will reduce the rate of e... growth and compel us to thi... of activities that make no... imports. We shall be more co... with the pattern and less w... rate of growth. This is an... argument for encouraging th... zontal spread of culture, bu... fundamental as building... between people who are us... the pleasures they might sh... gether in their own comm... The arts will not reach the... and society will continue to b... to pieces by the accumula... knowledge, unless those w... creative and cultured to... common degree find more... which to share their knowle... experience.

. . . no man is the lord of any...
(Though in and of him the...
much consist...
Till he communicates his p...
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An economics for the real world

THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL AND THE ATTACK ON NEO-CLASSICISM

JOAN ROBINSON:
Collected Economic Papers Volume Four
268pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £3.

JOAN ROBINSON and JOHN EATWELL:
An Introduction to Modern Economics
349pp. McGraw-Hill. £3.95 (paperback, £2.95).

CONSIDER TWO propositions. The first is from Edward Heath, speaking at Gillingham in Kent, ...n September 4, 1973: "Are we . . . allow those who are short of labour ... pay more in order to attract it to ...em? To bid up wages and so ...ach from their neighbours? Surely ...t. That can only lead to counter-...ds from those who find themselves ...ut-bidden. This solves no problems ...t adds yet further twists to the ...flationary spiral." It is easy to ...e what Enoch Powell, representing ...e consensus of those who have ...ken A-level economics, would say ...this. It is self-evident, according ...this view, that it is the economic ...ty of an employer to "bid away" ...e labour from his lower-paying, ...d therefore less efficient neigh-...urs.

Now take the second proposition: A legal obligation to pay equal ...tes to men and women (as will be ...quired in Great Britain in 1975) ...ll result in a substitution of males ...females in many occupations, ...ce the reason why rates have been ...equal in the past is that the mar-...nal productivity of women is (in ...ese occupations) lower than that of ...en." There are hundreds of ...dents now in their first year at ...iversities who owe their high ...ades in A-level economics, and ...us (in part) their places at univer-...ies, to the demonstration of this ...oposition. In both instances, of ...aching labour and of equal pay, ...evel economics is paradoxical—...t is, it moves counter to the com-...nly received opinions of the ...eral body of citizens, and of those ...o count themselves as ...formed".

...n both instances, the views now ...d by Mr Heath accord with Cam-...dge economics, as formulated by ...ro Sraffa, and are diametrically ...osed to those held by many emi-... scholars and teachers at all ...ls. His conversion from the views ...he held at the time of Selsdon ...the Industrial Relations Act (and of the decision to impose museum charges), to his present opinions, was signalled by his appointment of several radical economists to high positions.

As Britain thus becomes not, *pace* Lord Rothschild, the Portugal but the Albania of the West—perhaps even in its low real income—owing its allegiance to a neo-Marxist ideology, and divorced from the liberal market economics which has been so dominant in Washington, Bonn and elsewhere in the non-Communist industrialized world, it is interesting to consider why the economics that now so obviously recommends itself to practical men, seeking sane solutions to primary problems, should have been so long taught virtually only in Cambridge, Oxford and Adelaide, and universities associated with them, why it should rarely appear in the syllabuses of universities dominated by the London School of Economics, or in polytechnic or A-level examination syllabuses; and why, at a time when policy has been much debated, there has been so great a degree of agreement among those who teach economics as to what theory it was that they taught.

The Aldwych school discredited

The near-unanimity has not been so great since just before Keynes published the *General Theory* when (as Joan Robinson notes in her new book) Lord Robbins defined economics as the apportioning of scarce means among alternative ends (this at a time when many millions of men and women were unemployed and so fell outside the scope of economics thus defined) and followed his elders in proposing to cure the slump by cutting real wages (or money wages, for the theory did not differentiate between them though, as Mrs Robinson reminds us, it required a cut in real wages to do the trick). In other words, in practical circles academic economics of the Aldwych school is thoroughly discredited. It is ignored in the world of affairs that it purports to be about, but it retains its rump firmly in the chairs of many of the universities.

It is especially interesting to note that not only do practical men and women do the opposite to what the theory teaches, but practical economists also, in their own specialisms, usually act quite normally, occasionally using some of the theory as an incantation to show that they are professionals. Usually the incantatory phrases are mistaken. An illustration may be taken from the theory of wages, which is in fact almost non-existent, as Mrs Robinson points out, where occasionally a writer (or even a junior minister like Roy Hattersley) will say that marginal productivity determines wages. The theory actually says the opposite, that marginal productivity reaches the wage level, and even so, according to Marshall himself, is indeterminate. But the point is to say it, not to mean it, in order to establish your intellectual credentials.

Three questions immediately arise. The first is why a theory which has been disproved should not only survive but flourish. The second is whether or not it matters that theory and practice should diverge so markedly. The third is what the correct theory might be. In the 113 years since Soapy Sam Wilberforce was acidly rebuked by Huxley for his vulgar attack on Darwinism, theology has ceased to be intellectually respectable in the great majority of the world's intellectual centres, and religious practice has become a fringe activity. But religion has been a long time a-dying and since Mrs Robinson's great-grandfather, F. D. Maurice, was unseated for heresy, a great deal of water has flowed under the religious bridge. The reflection is appropriate, for it was at about that time, according to Mrs Robinson, that the theory of value began to take the wrong road. It is, in her view, now firmly wedged up the creek.

Her *Collected Economic Papers*, drawn from forty years of work, touch on many themes; but constant among these is the view that neo-classical economics, and its offspring, neo-neo-classical economics, has had disastrous practical and intellectual consequences.

It may be thought that because Mrs Robinson is a woman, a vegetarian, a student of Marx (though not a Marxist), and an emeritus professor, her views are academic to the point of eccentricity; but any such patronizing doubts, frequently expressed though they are, are somewhat ignorant of the body of her work. She was the first British economist to show the irreconcilability of competitive doctrines with the facts of mass manufacturing industry with its economies of scale; she was a central person in the debates that led to Keynes's *General Theory* (as the recent Royal Economic Society volumes demonstrate) and her *Essays in Employment*, three of which are reprinted here, drew attention to the implications of the new doctrines for inflation, international trade and regional policy. When Russia was all the rage and socialism on the up and up, she was the only serious intellectual critic of Marxist economic doctrines. She was first in the field in the now fashionable study of developing countries. She got to China before Henry Kissinger. And now her views on wages and prices are the new orthodoxy. Not a bad record, for relevance, it might be thought.

What unifies this book, apart from its gloomy view of the neoclassicals, is Mrs Robinson's prose style, which is that of Stevie Smith, a woman of her own generation. She is incapable of obscurity: that harsh Fenland light illuminates her work. She is a remarkable teacher because she is so direct and honest. Where has her directness led her? To an increasingly critical view of the post-Jevons Austrian school of general equilibrium, and to the establishment of a line from Ricardo, Marx and Marshall, through Keynes, to a modern economics which deals with genuine problems rather than with a series of simplified pseudo-problems, like those of Robinson Crusoe on his desert island dividing his time between fishing and picking up coconuts, or of a man faced with a series of choices between more rum and fewer cigarettes, or more cigarettes and less rum. She wants to know why tenant farmers earn more than milkmen; why so many people in Calcutta are starving and out of work; why Mr Heath cannot control prices—all real questions, to which she is doubtful of any a priori answers couched in loose generalizations. Her economics is rooted therefore in relevance and direct observation of economic and social life, though her own contributions lie in the realm of high theory.

It would be perhaps risking her displeasure to remark that the association of neo-classical economics with the defence of capitalism, and the identification of Cambridge economics with the defence of socialism, is accidental. Indeed, Mrs Robinson's socialist convictions have probably hindered the acceptance of her economics, even by socialists, who have felt that their hearts must not lead their heads into error. Paradoxically, therefore, a socialist like Anthony Crosland will embrace an old-fashioned economics, with ill effects, out of intellectual puritanism. There is an historical link, of course, with the development of an ideology of the Cold War, on both sides, but (formally) the theoretical problems would arise in any case, and so would the practical questions as to what should be produced by whom and who should get it, and the basic reasoning of the neo-classicals is either faulty or not, regardless of whose side you are on. Yet the flourishing of the theory is, according to Mrs Robinson, closely related to the political condition of the West; its present decline is also associated with the faltering of the West. This would seem *too simple an answer*, which must surely lie far more in the sociology of thought; but it is probably not altogether incorrect.

The answer to the first question, then—why should a wrong theory flourish?—is probably that it has ceased to do so, and that it is common for theories to flourish after their roots have died. But the second question is a more difficult one. Does it matter that theory and practice should diverge? Christian morality continues, after all, though God is dead. But surely it does matter, first, for the sake of rationality itself, that a subject like economics, which is *about* something, should continue to be about something, and, secondly, for the sake of the world at large, it is better to act on an understood basis of what is the case rather than on hunches. The irrelevance of economic theory is obvious to a Marxist—it is part of its purpose to mask reality—but it must sadden those who prefer reason to unreason in human affairs.

The reconstruction of economics

There is an urgent need, then, to reconstruct economics. It is this reconstruction that Mrs Robinson and her colleagues have been engaged in since the early 1930s, or the period covered by this volume of papers. The middle section reprints a number of her classic essays on employment, first published just after the *General Theory*; she was the first Keynesian to tackle international trade theory, and (tangentially it is true) regional policy. The last section includes some light-hearted polemical essays, which illustrate vividly why their author is neither a Marxist nor a neo-classical. These recapture her tone of voice and teaching style brilliantly.

The first, and longest, section deals with her recent work. It begins with international trade, in which she argues (as in her *Awkward Corner* volume) that Britain's present economic difficulties reflect its historic position, of political decline and Pyrrhic victories in the two world wars, and that the relations between developed and underdeveloped nations have led to a basic questioning of trade theory. Here she deals lucidly with the notion of "capital"—overseas capital—because its role depends on whether

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FABER & FABER

it is designated as goods or as financial command over resources. This point covered, she moves on to her well-known essays on capital theory proper, in which she argues that Sraffa has resolved Ricardo's puzzles, and put the rate of profit (a key element in economic theory) on a new basis. *It* is on this issue that her argument stands or falls. "It destroys", she argues, "the presumption that the rate of profit measures the contribution of investment to national income . . . we must look somewhere else to determine the laws which regulate the distribution of the produce of each among the classes of the community."

In the first part of *An Introduction to Modern Economics,* written with John Eatwell and designed as a textbook, Mrs Robinson covers much the same ground in attacking the neoclassical position. In the second part comes the positive reformulation of the body of economic theory, which has been, broadly speaking, accepted by those who think like her, but has not been available for students in succinct form. The book is tiresomely defensive, since if it was the intention to present a new view, in its entirety, to neophytes, it is difficult to see why the older theories should be expounded and exploded at the same time. Keynes had the same trouble in the *General Theory,* and Mrs Robinson had herself then to write a textbook to make his new system accessible. It seems likely that a similar operation will be necessary this time.

In the Robinson-Eatwell world, there are technical relationships between land and labour (the subject is agriculture), and the distribution of the work and the crop depends on different kinds of ownership and custom, which in turn affects the kinds of technical relationships adopted. In industry, there are capital goods (instead of land), and the distribution of goods depends on the level of profits in relation to money wages. The general level of output (whose shares are determined by the property relationships and customs just discussed) is determined by effective demand. Technical change occurs, and affects demand. There is then a realistic description of the way prices are determined, in different markets, where prices of commodities fluctuate according to supply, demand and expectations, while prices of goods tend not to vary, though their output does. The argument is then able to return to the rate of profit, and the determination of relative incomes. There is an interesting excursion into the understanding of what actually determines the character of public expenditure. The description of financial institutions is followed by a fascinating study of the growth of firms, industries and nation states, which Mrs Robinson puts into an historical (rather than a static) perspective. The last two chapters deal with international trade and the economies of Communist states.

The exposition of the second major section is clear and simple, and causes difficulty only when it is retranslated by the reader into the terms of the older system it seeks to replace. Whether or not the new system makes sense must be left to a later and more specialized occasion. As the third and final section of the textbook makes c opposed to all-embracing explain the complexities of world in which time moves onward. Her chief about the older system versality and timelessness society, each age, has its system. Each system has its traditions and its own The harmonies, she suggests discovered and formulated error is to regard the com as flaws to be eradicated up. They are of the Furthermore, of course, is only a part of life, such matters as nationalism social conflict, war, religion discussion of the good affect not only the way people about economics but the mic agents actually act.

To the Editor

Milton's 'Talent which is death to hide'

Sir,—Mr John Bayley has proposed (January 4) a novel identification of the "man right fair" who plays so equivocal a part in Shakespeare's Sonnets: he is (Mr Bayley suggests) not a rival suitor but an extension—hardly, indeed, an extension—of Shakespeare's own person; he is "*membrum virile,* the Shakespearian penis", contented (as it is put in Sonnet 151) to "stand in [the] affairs, fall by [the] side", of the Dark Lady. This striking hypothesis Mr Bayley supports by a number of ingenious plays upon the wording of the poet's text.

May I propose a similar—and, I would suggest, no less plausible—solution of a problem that occurs in the text of another great English sonnet-writer, Milton?

> When I consider how my light is spent
> Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
> And that one Talent which is death to hide
> Lodg'd with me useless. . . .

What was the "Talent" that, in the poet's words, was "lodg'd with [him] useless"? For nearly 300 years this question has presented scholars with a puzzle.

Many readers no doubt suppose (as did the old editors who prefixed to the sonnet the title "On His Blindness") that the "Talent" was Milton's eyesight. The conclusive objections to that hypothesis were summarized in a masterly article by Mr C. J. Morse, "The Dating of Milton's Sonnet XIX" (*TLS,* September 15, 1961):

> Quite apart from the feebleness of this interpretation—why should Milton regard his eyesight as his one talent?—it makes nonsense of ll. 4-5. The talent is "lodged with me useless" (that is, continuing the financial metaphor, deposited with me without interest) "though my soul more bent to serve therewith my Maker". The talent is not something which has been totally destroyed but something of which the use is inhibited.

Most modern editors are therefore agreed that the "Talent" must have been not Milton's eyesight but his literary gift. Why should he have said that this gift was "lodg'd with [him] useless"? That depends upon which we accept of the two rival datings proposed for the poem. If the arrangement adopted by Milton for his *Poems* 1673 was chronological, this sonnet was written in 1652-55, and the supposed inhibition on his literary powers was presumably his blindness, which had recently (summer 1652) become total. When we reflect that, despite this disability, Milton continued his pamphlet warfare with Salmasius and Morus during these very years, and in 1658 started on the composition of *Paradise Lost,* this does not seem a very plausible hypothesis: "His vigour of intellect was such", says Johnson, "that he was not disabled to discharge his office, or continue his controversies. His mind was too eager to be diverted, and too strong to be subdued." Moreover, this dating disregards the words "ere half my days" in the second line of the sonnet—words which (like the first line of Dante's *Commedia*) seem clearly to fix the date of the poem at about the writer's thirty-fifth birthday. Milton reached thirty-five in December 1643. Since he did not become blind until some ten years later, the inhibiting influence, on this dating, can only be explained (in Mr Morse's words) as "an apparent extinction of that spiritual light in which his talent might have worked to the glory of God"—a hypothesis which Mr Morse rightly describes as "far fetched" and for which the best he can say is that it is "not ridiculous".

Plainly, this identification of Milton's "Talent" is unsatisfactory: the poet had no reason to regard an eclipse of his literary powers as uniquely inimical to life—"that *one* Talent which is *death* to hide"—and, even if he did so regard it, he had really, as we have seen, no reason for saying that those powers were "lodg'd with [him] useless" either in 1643-44 or in 1652-55.

I would suggest that it is not to his creative but to his *procreative* powers that Milton is referring in this sonnet. On this interpretation what the poet says about the inhibition of his powers fits exactly the circumstances in which he found himself in December 1643, and scarcely less well his circumstances ten years later.

We know that Milton was as a young man extremely susceptible to feminine allurements but inhibited by Puritanical principles from yielding to them—"the pudicity of his behaviour", says his biographer, "covers a soul tremulous with emotion, whose passion was intensified by the discipline of a chaste intention". In June 1643 he brought home a bride of seventeen. He was eager (can we doubt it?) to indulge, within the bonds of lawful wedlock, and perhaps for the first time, his philoprogenitive propensities. The marriage, we know, was an immediate failure—indeed, it seems likely that it was not consummated. His bride left his house within a month, sought refuge with her parents, and soon announced that she would not return to him. The news reached Milton in November, on the eve of his thirty-fifth birthday. His marriage was a nullity; divorce (as he complained bitterly in a pamphlet he immediately sat down to write) was impossible; no wonder the wide world looked "dark" to him as he realized that the unique, divinely implanted life-producing gift was indeed "lodg'd with [him] useless"!

In fine, Milton's circumstances in 1643-44 fit perfectly, on this interpretation of the sonnet, the date clearly indicated for it by its second line. What of the alternative date, 1652-55? The situation had then, in all relevant particulars, repeated itself. Milton and his wife had been reconciled in 1645, and their union produced children born in 1646, 1648, 1651, and 1652. In the summer of 1652 his wife died, and his procreative powers, so fully exercised during the previous six years, were once more "lodg'd with [him] useless", "hidden in an eclipse" that lasted until his remarriage in 1656.

During those two blank, "dark" periods, 1643-45 and 1652-56, Milton must have learnt the lesson so eloquently enjoined in the sestet of his sonnet, of patient submission to divinely imposed restraint. A true appreciation of the circumstances that inspired the poem surely gives a fuller and more vivid significance to its stoical conclusion: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN SPARROW.

Oxford.

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The 'Man right fair'

Sir,—John Bayley's equation (January 4) of the "friend" of sonnets 133, 134 and 144 with Shakespeare's penis deserves more respect than it is likely to receive: it is a good example of a shrewd insight being compromised, and therefore seemingly invalidated, by the ignoring of non-assimilable facts. One who reads the whole of each sonnet discussed by Mr Bayley will immediately observe that the "friend" is doing things which, although they square with his being a penis, do not square with his being Shakespeare's. Thus, if the "friend" of sonnet 133 is Shakespeare's own penis, why would Shakespeare have to bail its (obviously separate) heart with his own (line 10)?; if the "he" of sonnet 134 were Shakespeare's own penis, why would its discharge not discharge Shakespeare (line 14)?; and if the "man right fair" of sonnet 144 were Shakespeare's own penis, how could it be "from me" so that Shakespeare would have to "guess", rather than know, whether it had been in another's "hell" (line 12)? And since the antecedent of "he" in line 11 of sonnet 151 is "flesh", unmistakably used as a metaphor for "penis" (the word "friend", or any equivalent thereof, not appearing at all in sonnet 151), how does the use of "he" in that sonnet establish the equivalence of "penis" and "friend"?

The error Mr Bayley has committed is this: because he perceives that Shakespeare has been using words in a way which makes them very amusing if they are taken to mean "penis", he concludes that they mean only penis, and he rules out the possibility that they might also in fact refer to a male person. Although the conclusion is wrong, the perception which preceded it is valid: and this is that Shakespeare's works are impregnated with phallic imagery, and that almost any mystery posed by Shakespeare's language is solved when we apply the precept, "Cherchez la verge!" The demonstration (and here I declare my interest) be found in my book, The of Shakespeare's Sonnets, published by Charles S while I do not agree with ley's specific conclusion, I point out that his general is an index to my own, And in such indexes, altho

To their subsequent volu

The baby figure of the gi
Of things to come at larg
(*Troilus and Cressida,* I.

I trust the subsequent vindicate the small pri

MARTIN

500 23rd Street Northwest ington DC 20037, USA

Wittgenste

Sir,—Miss Anscombe (January 4) refers to a text of W. W. Bartley's between the proof cop bound edition "to be booksellers". She must this is a perfectly normal Furthermore, lest her ence should confuse your should be pointed out referring to the American and that Professor Bartley will not be published in Kingdom until March

WILLIAM

Editorial Director, Quartet Limited, 27 Goodge Street W1.

Sir,—The change introduced Professor Bartley's book the copies issued for those actually sold the main point of Professor combe's question (Nov about Arvid Sjögren fessor Bartley's failure It remains his account stein was saved from course of October, 1919 to meet Sjögren and Sjögren's mother's house count cannot be accurate.

Sjögren well recalled Wittgenstein on leave First World War, and there were meetings Sjögren's childhood. was not, as it were, Wittgenstein. On the father had been a trustee of Wittgenstein's father director of a steelworks genstein Group at the early death, while Sjögren was the daughter of ciate of Karl Wittgenstein director of another steel was herself a friend of genstein's sister Hermine stayed in the Wittgenstein during Ludwig's childhood she was making up her marry the elder Sjögren widow and her three (with whom she naturally difficulties) became Wittgenstein circle. counts it was this that genstein's moving into he would not live with he could at least help so at least his sister thought, overlooking probable complications Professor Bartley does justice.

Wittgenstein did himself with the devel choice of career of brothers, and Arvid his closest friend about which Professor writes. This is important it makes Sjögren both characters in Professor story and a valuable

he truth of the facts alleged. Yet e was not approached, though he as alive at the time of the researches on whose thoroughness Professor Bartley piques himself.

On the first point, if Professor artley had met Sjögren or even listened to people who knew him youth, he would not have described him as the first of a series f friends, "good-looking young men f sweet and docile disposition, some sight but no 'cleverness'". ndeed, the description does not fit ny of the two or three among Wittgenstein's friends that one can see is aimed at. Partly because it ails to catch any of the personal ualities, any of the individuality, esirable in a friend. But particularly because it not only omits but ules out the very qualities of integrity and candour that Wittgenstein most looked for. Sjögren, at ny rate, was not docile: he was omething of an unruly schoolboy hen Wittgenstein first knew him, d he remained throughout his fe a man who could not be brought act in a way foreign to his nature. did accept some of his friend's eas about a suitable career—Wittgenstein left him occupied with cars ther than found him so—but their lationship, and this very influence Wittgenstein's, was founded on a incidence of attitudes independently held. Independence, a rare onesty about himself and about her matters, and the qualities of thinker (Wittgenstein's word for m), were what made him a valuable friend, and the friendship continued for the rest of Wittgenstein's

As to the second point, Sjögren ould certainly not have volunteered formation, if he possessed any, hich he thought discreditable to his iend, but he was incapable of eking to give a false impression. me and to others he said things out Wittgenstein and the nature his struggles which are quite irreconcilable with the story told by ofessor Bartley. Yet it is hard to lieve that he could have been norant of the true facts. At all ents, Professor Bartley failed to nfront his story with the testimony one who could speak with authority. It is difficult to think of any tive of delicacy that should have terred him.

A *Portrait*! Well, those interested Wittgenstein can also look elsewhere, but Sjögren has had no moirs written about him and his me deserved a better introduction the public.

BRIAN McGUINNESS.

Queen's College, Oxford.

Sir,—Whatever Professor Bartley ay say, I did not see his book on ittgenstein until September. I d no part in the communication out it to his publishers that he scribes, as he says I had.

Nor is it true that Wittgenstein's rary executors refused Professor n Hayek permission to publish ters of Wittgenstein's. Professor Hayek thought of writing a biophy of Wittgenstein and pro a sketch, but said that he not want to go on with it unhe had our special approval. we did not give, but there was refusal of permission "to publetters until they themselves first published them".

For the rest, I can only invite ders to examine my two letters Professor Bartley's reply, and to judge whether he has any dence that Wittgenstein in 1920 to rush off to the Vienna ter several times a week to find tough lads to cater to him ually, or later frequented homo bars in London for the same pose.

G. E. M. ANSCOMBE.

culty of Philosophy, Sidgwick ue, Cambridge CB3 9DA.

John Ford

Sir,—Norman White's account uary 4) of John Ford's political ook is as much an oversimplification as the one it purports to correct. Within five years of making films he cites as evidence of left-wing sympathies, Ford ade *Steamboat Round the Bend* and *Stagecoach* (1939), neither hich suggests anything remotely in Ford's sympathies. The latter, indeed, has John Wayne as the Kid, surely the first of the ly individualist knights" that hite only sees in later Ford ther, the only clearly left-wing in *The Grapes of Wrath,* Tom is shown as a double murderer intedly excluded from the final of the film, which emphasizes family and their endless eying. Are we to take the

quality of stoic self-reliance they embody as characteristic of *Cinéma* (No 23, 1970) which demon- As for *Young Mr Lincoln,* the film was the subject of an exhaustive analytic editorial in *Cahiers du Cinéma* (No 23, 1970) which demonstrated in detail the care taken in the film to present Lincoln as a non-political figure, exercising an almost mystical awareness of Law and Truth.

Convenient as labels like "right-wing cinema" and "cinema of the American Left" may be to reviewers or popular historians, closer acquaintance with the phenomena to which they are so easily attached tends to show that they exclude more truth than they include.

PHILIP SIMPSON.

Film Department, Alnwick College of Education, The Castle, Alnwick, Northumberland.

Watership Down

Sir,—I much appreciated the part of Professor Samuel Hynes's Viewpoint (January 4) in which he discusses his preference in fiction for "imaginations that inhabit the actual world", and instances novels in which you can trace the characters' movements on a map.

I share his preference; and was the more confounded to read his final paragraph in which he says that you "can't do it with a map of Middle Earth or of Watership Down". Leaving aside the conclusion he draws—which is demonstrably erroneous—he couldn't have picked a worse book than *Watership Down.* The region is immediately recognizable to anyone who knows that part of the Berkshire Downs, the place-names are real, and the hardback edition has a map which compares well with the Ordnance Survey sheet, plus grid references.

J. M. MACGIBBON.

The Cellars, Landscove, Ashburton, Newton Abbot, Devon TQ13 7LY.

¶ Samuel Hynes writes:—Yes, of course Watership Down is in Berkshire. But the heroic characters who inhabit it are *rabbits,* which are as bad as Hobbits for destroying a sense of the actual—when, that is, they talk, sing, tell stories, and apparently ascend into Heaven. At least that was the point I intended to make, but no doubt the argument got a bit too condensed there at the end.

'Reader's Atlas'

Sir,—Those who enjoyed Professor Samuel Hynes's stroll round literary London (Viewpoint, January 4) may want to know that *The Reader's Atlas,* edited by David Daiches with maps by John Flower, is under way here and will be published late next year. Its purpose (to explain and illustrate the topography of books widely read in English) has not, it seems, been met by any atlas for half a century, despite much recent attention to "background".

The list of maps is still open for a few late candidates. Any of your readers anxious to put us in mind of either a book or an author in need of help from a working map should write to the publisher or direct to Professor Daiches at the School of English and American Studies, Sussex University.

RICHARD NEWNHAM.

Eyre Methuen Ltd, 11 New Fetter Lane, London EC4P 4EE.

Crit and Lit

Sir,—The suggestion of Professor Hynes's acquaintance (Viewpoint, January 4)—that by the end of the century academic English literature teaching will have virtually ceased—is indeed a sobering one.

Since, however, this would constitute a return to the situation obtaining throughout the lifetimes of (say) Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth and Tennyson, it is comforting to think that the production and enjoyment of English literature itself may none the less continue.

PHILIP LARKIN.

32 Pearson Park, Hull.

Philosophy of Education

Sir,—Your reviewer of Glenn Langford and D. J. O'Connor's *New Essays in the Philosophy of Education* makes the just point (December 28) that Philosophy of Education is not a subject. In that it has no concepts and methods peculiar to itself in the sense that mathematics or religion have, this seems true. However, to point this out is not to produce any argument against the application of philosophical methods to the problems met with in education. If the apparent importance of education to our society results in great interest in the application of philosophy to *it,* then the resulting clarification of teachers' tasks and approaches may bring prestige to educational philosophy as a study. Perhaps this latter event would be of interest only to those with empires to build (or defend). The worthiness of the practice of philosophy in education will be proved in, as we say, the classroom situation.

MICHAEL L. BROWN.

12 Ely Close, Southminster, Essex CM0 7AQ.

Wilfred Owen's 'Exposure'

Sir,—In his assessment of Wilfred Owen's *War Poems and Others,* edited and introduced by Dominic Hibberd, your reviewer writes, "Few scholar-critics with Mr Hibberd's command of the evidence would be so tentative—so modest one might say—in assigning a 1918 date to "Exposure" dated 1917 by Blunden, Day Lewis and the editors of *The Collected Letters.* There is one piece of evidence pointing incontrovertibly—some less modest than Mr Hibberd might say—to February, 1918, as the date of this poem's composition" (December 21).

Did your reviewer intend to write that the final draft of "Exposure" was made by Owen, not in "February, 1918", but in September, 1918, judging from the paper on which Owen wrote it (see Hibberd, page 125)? Or does your reviewer have some evidence of his own for the February, 1918, date?

JENNIFER BREEN.

1 The Mount, Heath Street, London NW3 6SZ.

¶ Our reviewer writes: We know from Owen's *Collected Letters* (p 520) that he read *Under Fire,* the English translation of Henri Barbusse's magnificent book *Le Feu,* at Scarborough in December, 1917. A characteristic debt to Barbusse appears in his transmutation of a sentence at the end of Chapter Nine:

> The soldier held his peace. In the distance he saw the night as *they* would pass it—cramped up, trembling with vigilance in the deep darkness, at the bottom of the listening-hole whose ragged jaws showed in black outline all around whenever a gun hurled its dawn into the sky.

This occasioned Owen's poem "Cramped in that funnelled hole" (*Collected Poems,* p 109). Its single, chaotic manuscript enables us to approach a dating of "Exposure", since at the top of the page is one corrected line from that poem: "successions [ions *cancelled,* ive *written above it*] of bullets streak the silence". Mr Hibberd is probably right when he says that the drafts of "Exposure" are unlikely to have been written and corrected at the same time, but the links between Owen's reading of Barbusse and the manuscripts of these two poems must surely suggest that "Feb 1916", at the foot of the final draft of "Exposure", is a slip for "Feb 1918"—if, indeed, what appears to be a 6 is not an incomplete 8!

Minutiae

Sir,—In your issue of January 11:

(1) The reviewer of Richard Shead's *Constant Lambert,* in quoting and commenting on a lampoon, implies that Hamish MacCunn preceded Mackenzie and McEwen in the Principalship of the Royal Academy of Music. MacCunn was never Principal. The "Mac" who preceded Mackenzie was Sir George Macfarren. I imagine Lambert knew this but could not find a rhyme for his name.

(2) The reviewer of the Penguin *Barnaby Rudge* says that Dickens's "Christmas Books" have not been "Penguined". These appeared in the series in two volumes in 1971, edited by Michael Slater, editor of *The Dickensian.*

(3) The reviewer of Leslie Baily's *Gilbert and Sullivan and Their World* maintains that "the preservation of Gilbert's own production by the D'Oyly Carte Company led to stale routine performances". I would like to suggest that that is not altogether the case, for changes have often been made in dresses, scenery and stage business. There was, too, a falling-off in the quality and dedication of the various casts. Martyn Green was more than an adequate successor to Sir Henry Lytton; but, in my view, it has obviously been difficult to replace Leo Sheffield, Sydney Granville and Darrell Fancourt. In the "old harridan" parts, has Bertha Lewis yet been surpassed? Those of your readers with memories of Winifred Lawson and Muriel Dickson as Princess Ida will grasp the point I am trying to make. New producers do not always do the right thing, as many a recent Shakespearean production has shown.

STANLEY BAYLISS.

23 Redcliffe Square, London SW10 9JX.

Anglo-American Musicology

Sir,—Ronald Woodham (December 28) understandably fails to take account of what I described (November 23) as music's "synthetic and compositional dimensions". In this phrase, "synthetic" was an unfortunate misprint for "syntactic".

CHRISTOPHER WINTLE.

Department of Music, Princeton University, Princeton, NJ 08540, USA.

Foggia Airfields

Sir,—Mr Byron Farwell, in your issue of January 11, objects to a phrase I used in reviewing *History of the Second World War,* Volume Five. According to him it is "an error often repeated" to talk about "the large complex of airfields around Foggia" because he believes no such thing existed when the area was occupied. He claims that there was only one inadequate airfield and that the complex was built by the United States Army Engineers.

The error is his. I know very well that numerous additional airfields were built in the Foggia plain after its capture by the Eighth Army, and the volume under review (page 348) mentions three which were built there by the 69th Airfield Construction Group, RAF; but there certainly was a complex of airfields already in existence, built by the Italians. For example on July 31, 1943, Allied aircraft are reported as bombing "the Foggia group of airfields" of which six are named: Foggia Main, Foggia North, Foggia Morin, Foggia Schifara, Foggia Tortorella and Foggia Lucera. I think it is reasonable to call six airfields a large complex; it was at any rate the largest complex the Italian Air Force had. The point about the importance of Foggia is that the Allies judged, correctly, that if the Italians could build so many airfields in the area then they could build even more, which they would use to attack North Italy, Austria and Southern Germany.

YOUR REVIEWER

Who Wrote Galatians?

Sir,—I had read Frank McGuire's article to which he refers in a letter (January 1), but I did not mention it in my book *The Recovery of Paul's Letter to the Galatians.* Perhaps I should have.

Dr McGuire and I agree that many writers had a hand in Galatians, but he says none of them was Paul. That I find hard to believe, especially since I cannot share Bruno Bauer and Dr McGuire's theory that part of Galatians was written as a reply to Acts. The better hypothesis seems to me to be that Paul's original letter was glossed and interpolated by later commentators and interpreters before it reached our canonical form.

I have worked out this theory more fully in a commentary on Romans which Penguin are to publish in July.

J. C. O'NEILL.

Westminster and Cheshunt Colleges, Cambridge CB3 0AA.

Richard H. Ullman's *The Anglo-Soviet Accord* is distributed in this country by the Oxford University Press, and not by the American University Publishers Group as stated in our middle-page review last week.

George Seferis's *Meres tou 1945-1951,* which was reviewed on January 4, is shortly to appear in a translation by A. Anagnostopoulos, published by the Harvard University Press, and distributed in this country by the Oxford University Press.

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Sophie : Electress of Hanover

288pp. Gollancz. £3.80.

The fortunes of England and the Rhine Palatinate were intimately linked in the seventeenth century through royal marriage alliances. James I's daughter Elizabeth wed Elector Frederick, the unhappy prince who accepted and lost the crown of Bohemia in the winter of 1620. Driven into exile, his capital Heidelberg occupied by Spanish troops, half his territories made over to the Catholic Duke of Bavaria, Frederick and his family eventually found refuge in the United Provinces. There Elizabeth brought up the children. She had thirteen, not all of whom survived. Prince Maurice and, more spectacularly, Prince Rupert were to distinguish themselves in the service of Charles I, during the English Civil War.

In 1649 prince Charles Louis, the eldest surviving son, returned to Heidelberg to rule the half-ruined Palatinate. He was followed soon after by his young sister Sophie (she was born in 1630). When Sophie was twenty-eight, she married Ernst August of Hanover, younger brother of Duke George William of Hanover. In May 1660, on the very day that Charles II and with him the Stuart dynasty returned from exile to London, Sophie in Hanover gave birth to a baby boy. He was named George Louis. As George I of England he was to establish the dynasty that succeeded the Stuarts.

Sophie's life ranged over various landscapes and she left us impressions of them in copious letters and memoirs. Louis XIV after meeting her described her as "a truly intelligent woman". When her husband took on the title of Duke of Hanover after his brother's death, he also took over his librarian. This was Leibniz, whose compliments to Sophie ("the oasis in the intellectual desert of Hanover") brought her a reputation for learning. It is not clear, and Maria Kroll gives us no evidence for it, whether the reputation was justified. But Sophie was certainly both witty and cultured.

In her lifetime, Hanover rose to a distinguished position within the Holy Roman Empire. Ernst August's diplomacy and money won him in 1693 a great privilege: the Emperor Leopold bestowed on him the dignity of Elector, the ninth in the Empire. The supreme recognition of Hanover's position came with the English Act of Settlement in 1701. Considerations of blood, religion and politics combined to fix the succession after the Stuarts on the Electress of Hanover. Sophie had a long life: she died in 1714, at the age of eighty-four. Queen Anne of England died six weeks later. Had Sophie outlived Anne, she would have become Queen; but it was her son who succeeded.

Maria Kroll has written a delightful, very readable memoir. The one real criticism is that it is written too exclusively at the level of personal relationships, and the background is dealt with too allusively. Vast and profound upheavals—the list is exhaustively long—appear as passing comments in memoirs or are not even noted. Instead, the Electress and her family are shown unduly obsessed by dress, flirtations and galas. This is entertaining reading, and may be instructive, but it makes for a very unbalanced understanding of the life-style of the political leaders of seventeenth-century Europe.

What's a fact?

G. M. D. HOWAT (General Editor) :

Dictionary of World History

1,720pp. Nelson. £15.

The purpose of this ambitious volume is presumably to fulfil a want in libraries that do not possess a good encyclopedia, the *Dictionary of National Biography* and perhaps one of the French universal dictionaries. To publish such a dictionary in one volume requires all the articles to be very short and the paper on which they are printed to be pretty thin. None of the articles in the *Dictionary of World History* compares favourably with those written for the latest edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

A. J. P. Taylor, who is described as the Advisory Editor, whatever that may mean, tells us in a succinct and cynical foreword that "a dictionary of history is a collection of facts". But what is an historical "fact"? It is certainly in no way comparable to a scientific fact; one only has to glance through the articles in this volume to discover that there is no such thing. Take the article on King Charles II of England, for instance: the author (by wading through the list of contributors one can discover who he is) says that Parliament "provided him with a totally inadequate revenue", and that Charles sought for a French subsidy "to make himself independent of parliament—the object of his domestic policy". These are not facts; they are historical arguments that can easily be disputed.

Unavoidably, in a book like this, written by English and American historians, undue weight is given to British history. In such a volume published in another country would one, for example, find articles on William Lovett and Quintin Hogg? On the other hand, one looks vainly into the entries about Crete to find anything on the, admittedly controversial, Minoan civilization, and there is precious little about the Mycenean.

The longer articles are initialled by the authors, who are allowed the invidious task of adding a work or two of reference. But the selection is curious. Edward Heath has so far entered into history as to be allowed an inch or two. We are told how he was chosen leader of his party in preference to Enoch Powell and Reginald Maudling. Turning to Mr Powell one finds that he rates a longer entry than Mr Heath, while Mr Maudling rates nothing at all. On the whole, reliance can be placed on the basic facts about individuals, though not necessarily about events. It has to be recognized that even expert historians, let alone compilers of dictionaries, repeat one another with differences; but such repetition is no guarantee of accuracy.

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The growth of Europe

DOUGLASS C. NORTH and ROBERT PAUL THOMAS :

The Rise of the Western World

170pp Cambridge University Press. £3.20.

The authors of this succinct, wide-ranging essay claim that it is revolutionary for its attempt "to develop a comprehensive analytical framework to examine and explain the rise of the western world". That claim rather overstates their intentions and the outcome. The main achievement of the West which concerns them is its achievement of affluence based upon self-sustaining economic growth. This leads them to seek an explanation of the fact that Western Europe was so long imprisoned in a seemingly inescapable sequence of famine and mortality following upon a few generations of population growth. This cycle explained, reasons must also be sought for the fact that, by the beginning of the eighteenth century, England and Holland had escaped it to become the pioneers of modern Western affluence.

Douglass C. North and Robert Paul Thomas acknowledge that their work is traditional as well as revolutionary since it draws upon the "pioneering studies of a host of predecessors". Even its central theme, indeed, is rooted in the doctrine of Malthus as it has been refurbished and refined by modern scholars like M. M. Postan and Carlo Cipolla. The growth of population in the feudal West generated a remarkable economic expansion during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; but in the end improvements in productivity failed to keep pace with the multiplication of mouths to be fed. Consequently, in the next two centuries, famine, plague and wars brought the population figures tumbling down and the levels of economic activity contracted. About the end of the fifteenth century population began to grow again, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the whole cycle was repeated once more. There was only one difference: on this occasion, while most countries remained imprisoned by the cycle, Holland and England escaped.

The key to an understanding of these phenomena is found by Mr North and Mr Thomas to lie in the character of institutional arrangements and property rights; for they argue that these must be favourable for individuals to be encouraged to undertake economic effort which will also yield a net benefit to society as a whole. Thus, in the thirteenth century, the West failed to break out of the "Malthusian trap" because tolls and tallages and forced loans and confiscations made property rights excessively uncertain. Similarly, in the seventeenth century, France stagnated because its government maintained internal trade barriers and monopolies for the sake of the revenue derived from them; and in Spain the Mesta and fiscal spoliation caused sharp economic regression. Holland and eventually England, on the other hand, devised institutional arrangements which safeguarded property rights and the benefits accruing from innovation: they could therefore sustain, at one and the same time, a growing population and a growth of income per head.

Much of this argument, of course, is neither new nor unfamiliar; and it can draw support from the recent experience of many lands which has illustrated all too tragically the propensity of growing populations to outrun the means of subsistence. That fact, however, makes it all the more important to weigh explanations of the Western experience with care. Mr North and Mr Thomas in no way seek to conceal the fact that, in seeking explanations, they have constructed an economic model to fit the circumstances of medieval and early modern Europe. The essence of model-making, however, is simplification: the abstraction of certain elements only from the total fabric of a society. There are passages of this history which sometimes seem to depart too far "real" world in which me more and less than perf mic men. Possibly that ground for feeling that it simplifying to attribute co torical changes to a single of causation.

The making of economic moreover, draws upon t theory in order that "bliss of historical evidence" c assembled that they "reve retically consistent picture" the value of economic or cal theory to the economic there is no question, but the to be applied with care. I with, it may rest upon ass about social structure or which cannot necessarily b back to remote ages.

The economic conduct of lords or peasants should assumed to follow the pre modern theory without d tion. Theory may also sug nexions which examinati more doubtful. The growth lation might seem to indi absence of plague during teenth century"—yet the century in which plagues times to the Limousin and two times to Orléans.

In the end, however, Mr Mr Thomas are modest: th they say, is "more than a agenda for new research" tary in questioning assum bold in its comprehensive most of the time the prom the "jargon of the prof honoured, even though the of scutage as "the payment instead of labour inputs vice)" might appear to b Certainly it raises impo tions about the rise of although the history of menon may ultimately greater complexity than tration here. In particular possible to restore hum so that economic histor join economics amongst th sciences".

The bread people liked

JEAN MEUVRET :

Etudes d'histoire économique

344pp. Paris : Armand Colin. 35fr.

The collection "Cahiers des Annales" has produced many distinguished works, but none more welcome than the present collection of essays on economic history by the late Jean Meuvret. Few scholars can have enjoyed a greater reputation among the experts in their field, yet it has always been peculiarly difficult to convey Meuvret's stature to those who did not know him or lacked the time to pursue his articles through a maze of *Festschriften* and more or less obscure periodicals. His life-work of more than forty years, his thesis on "le problème des subsistences", was never *soutenue*, although even the author himself admitted, at the end of his life, that it might have reached a suitable stage of preparation. As he also observed, with a mixture of melancholy and shrewdness typical of the peasants he understood so well, it was hardly fitting for a *vieillard* approaching seventy to submit himself to all the indignities of appearing before a *jury* composed of his juniors. One may still hope that the great work will be rescued more or less intact from among his papers, but the essays assembled here do make the kernel of his thinking available in a convenient form, and must be essential reading for all historians of seventeenth and eighteenth-century France.

It would be futile to attempt a summary of the contents of the volume, since many of the pieces are themselves highly condensed: chapters for general works or reports to learned congresses. Among these general essays, that on "La France au temps de Louis XIV: des temps difficiles" is perhaps the most remarkable, a supremely sensitive exercise in scholarly generalization. Inevitably there is a certain amount of repetition, but this cannot disguise the enormous range of learning Meuvret always commanded. The footnotes tell their own tale, with literally dozens of references to different departmental archives to support the exhaustive knowledge of the Parisian sources and the printed literature.

In conversation Meuvret always found it difficult to control the range of his own information, and tended to approach topics in a peculiarly elliptical manner, but his writing was usually a model of directness and relevance. Above all, he knew how to make the particular illuminate the general, and although he frequently demolished unsound generalizations, he was normally ready to propose his own substitutes. His influence on the thinking of a generation of French historians becomes evident in such pieces as those on the history of prices, with their painfully clear analysis of the "crise de subsistence" (a phenomenon Meuvret was the first to identify properly), or those on economic mechanisms and agrarian history, which illuminate so many aspects of land tenure, lending and borrowing, and farming techniques.

Perhaps the most striking feature of many of these essays is their sensitivity to the practical problems which faced the individuals about whom the historian must generalize. The nature of the Paris grain market, for instance, can only be understood when one has appreciated an enormous range of details: the kind of bread people liked, the nature of the baking trade, the size of the river ports and the structure of the river system, the ways in which grain could be spoilt, and many other factors. The relationship between town and country, brilliantly chara two overlapping spheres, consumer society using other a closed world ba compulsion, depended o cate network of credit, and rents. This network portant effects on the pa tenure and on the way i great landowners man properties. In this are allow for the nature of of transport, the kinds actually in circulation, nature of *vaine pâture*, the availability and re technical expertise. Once siderations are taken in Vauban's project for a d is exposed as an anachr mera. In all these resp many others, these essays full of life, even though regional studies have alr inspiration from their ide

There is just one Meuvret was perhaps m republish an article unch otherwise fascinating monetary circulation in and seventeenth-century makes assumptions about tionship between bullion and inflation which must simplistic, and it is odd specialist in demography history so indifferent to increase and the different agricultural and industr Following up with a ref one must note that Meuvr disappointingly little the depression of the po he recognizes its signif never really provides a explanation of its nature If these are shortcomings very understandable in of essays written at diff iods, and count for little ison with the author's achievement. Few volumes kind are likely to hav enduring quality.

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Two nations and two Viceroys

Constitutional Relations Between Britain and India : The Transfer of Power 1942-7

Volume IV : The Bengal Famine and the New Viceroyalty, 15 June 1943-31 August 1944.

Editor-in-Chief : Nicholas Mansergh
Assistant Editor : E. W. R. Lumby

1,295pp. HMSO. £13.

The new volume in this series covers the last four months of Lord Linlithgow's momentous period as Viceroy (April 1936-October 1943) and the first nine months of Lord Wavell's regime. Thus we are shown the end of one great man's heartbreaking task and the beginning of another's. Linlithgow's deepest disappointment was that the outbreak of the Second World War ended his drive to federate India. History will probably record that federation under the India Act of 1935 offered the last chance of united independence for the subcontinent, as witness Gandhi's statement to Linlithgow, soon after war had been declared, that he wished Congress had been wiser and helped the Viceroy to achieve federation while there was still time: Gandhi said he had discovered that the 1935 Act could have been expanded to satisfy Indian aspirations.

It seems a pity that this series (which started with the ill-fated Cripps Mission of 1942) did not begin with these prewar events. Linlithgow's launching of provincial autonomy in 1937, in the teeth of Congress opposition, followed immediately by his efforts to persuade the Princes to accede to the federal scheme, is really the first scene of the last act of the British Raj. It is during these years that the reckless shortsighted campaign of Churchill and the extreme Right of the Conservative Party to destroy the chance of federation, by encouraging the Princes to reject it, can clearly be seen.

As for the Muslims, there is evidence that during the early years of Linlithgow's viceroyalty they would have accepted federation, albeit reluctantly. Their most influential leader at the time, Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, Prime Minister of the Punjab, informed the Viceroy that this was so. Jinnah was not yet the power he later became, nor had he committed himself irrevocably to partition.

Holding the country together

But from September 1939, Linlithgow's first priority had to be to hold the discordant country together for the waging of war. Both in voluntary recruitment and the manufacture of supplies and munitions great things were done, but politically Linlithgow could not persuade Gandhi to help towards victory. The climax of Gandhi's hostility came with the 1942 rebellion and his arrest and detention. This has been covered in a previous volume, but it is relevant here, because it was during Wavell's time that the Wickenden Report was published, pinning responsibility for the rebellion squarely on Gandhi and Congress. Gandhi's long correspondence with Linlithgow on this issue from his place of detention in the Aga Khan's palace at Poona was also published by Wavell and, much to the fury of Congress, it was a best-seller. The Mahatma, with that disregard of awkward fact to which he was so often prone, protested his innocence to the last. He held to it in his letter of farewell to Linlithgow which is printed as the frontispiece of this volume:

> Dear Lord Linlithgow,
>
> On the eve of your departure from India I would like to send you a word. Of all the high functionaries I have had the honour of knowing, none has been the cause of such deep sorrow to me as you have been. It has cut me to the quick to have to think of you as having countenanced an untruth and that regarding one whom at one time you considered as your friend. I hope and pray that God will some day put it into your heart to realise that you, a representative of a great nation had been led into a grievous error.
>
> With good wishes
> I still remain
> Your friend
> M. K. Gandhi.

Linlithgow replied:

> Dear Mr Gandhi,
>
> I have received your letter of 27th September. I am indeed sorry that your feelings about any deeds or words of mine should be as you describe. But I must be allowed, as gently as I may, to make plain to you that I am quite unable to accept your interpretation of the events in question. As for the corrective virtues of time and reflection, evidently these are ubiquitous in their operation, and wisely to be rejected by no man.
>
> Yours sincerely,
> Linlithgow.

Until the rebellion the two men had been on the most friendly personal terms. Shortly after independence, Gandhi told R. W. Sorensen, Labour MP and Chairman of the India League in Linlithgow's time (later Lord Sorensen), that of all the Viceroys he had known he preferred Linlithgow.

Wavell, of course, had known Linlithgow when he was Commander-in-Chief and therefore a member of the Viceroy's Council. He recorded in his diary: "I have the greatest admiration for Linlithgow, he is a wise, strong man and very human really." No one could read through the papers in this volume without feeling moved to apply these words to Wavell himself.

The new Viceroy threw himself at once into tackling the appalling tragedy of the Bengal famine, which had struck with cruel effect in the last months of his predecessor's time. Natural calamity, the fall of Burma to the Japanese, measures to deny waterways and craft to them if the enemy should invade India, and so on, had all contributed to a tragic state of affairs. Moreover it needed only a 5 per cent shortage of wheat to cause famine. In peacetime the problem when it loomed had been met by imports, but this was war and Allied shipping was terribly scarce.

Linlithgow had earlier warned the British Government that only imports of grain could mitigate the disaster (before it was over between one and two million people had died either from outright starvation or from the effects of undernourishment), but he was told that operational demands on other fronts made the diversion of any ships impossible. The first months of Wavell's viceroyalty were almost monopolized by his tenacious battle with the War Cabinet to get them to understand the gravity of the situation. He never let go, and his strength of character clearly established itself in these early encounters.

He used the army to help, and he went to see for himself what was happening. His military experience had taught him the value of flying whenever possible, so he flew to Bengal, where there was an inefficient and corrupt coalition government in office under a tired acting Governor. He flew to the Punjab, where there was plenty of grain—but also plenty of reluctance to help any other Province in distress.

The Viceroy could not understand the evident inability of the War Cabinet to grasp the facts of the matter. In January 1944 he implored them to realize that, if he could not control food prices, he could not control inflation. For this he needed a substantial reserve of food grains in the hands of the central government; the only way of securing it was to import a minimum of one million tons during 1944. The Viceroy's appeals were directed to a special committee appointed by the War Cabinet which included the egregious Lord Cherwell (Professor Lindemann). Wavell, who believed, not without reason, that Churchill had put Cherwell there to argue that the situation was India's fault, called him "the inevitable Devil's Advocate" and "that old menace and fraud the Professor". The committee constantly cited hoarding of grain by greedy merchants as the main cause of shortage, but the real difficulty was to persuade the millions of small cultivators to bring their produce to market.

A constitutional problem was added to Wavell's burden. Since 1940 most of the Provinces had been subject to Governor's rule under the emergency Section 93 of the 1935 Act (imposed when the various Congress Ministries which had won power in the 1937 General Election had been compelled to resign by Nehru, who committed a major blunder in so doing), though Bengal and the Punjab were still self-governing under elected coalition governments. Wavell was less sensitive than Linlithgow to the risk of interference by the centre. Linlithgow, although taking a strong line from Delhi with his Governors, had been wary of Congress using interference as an excuse for exposing the grant of provincial autonomy as a fraud. At one point Wavell almost acted as Governor of Bengal and the Punjab: in the critical circumstances he was justified.

Eventually the situation improved somewhat. The Australian R. G. Casey, appointed Governor of Bengal in January 1944, worked with a will to tackle the maladministration which shocked him so deeply. Wavell continued to bombard the War Cabinet until at last they felt able to allow the importation of some of the desperately needed grain. This was achieved by the armed forces in India denying themselves some of the shipping space needed for their own supplies.

All this has to be described here in a few paragraphs: the amount of aggressive correspondence involved has to be seen to be believed. The outcome was a vindication of Wavell's courageous tenacity, backed as he was by Leopold Amery at home and served by a private secretary in Evan Jenkins (later Governor of the Punjab), who was one of the most able men from this country ever to serve in India.

Gandhi and Jinnah in stalemate

On the political front, Wavell found the stalemate between Gandhi and Jinnah as hard to break as had his predecessor. Churchill, with whom his relations were never easy, had expected him as an obedient soldier to leave this field entirely alone. The Prime Minister had hinted as much in his letter of June 17, 1943, acknowledging Wavell's acceptance of the post, when he expressed his confidence that "His Majesty's . . . affairs will not suffer in your hands". Wavell had made clear to the Cabinet before he left England that he would watch for the chance of political development. He may have been unwise to say as much before taking up his post, but no Viceroy could have gone to India on any other basis, whatever Churchill might have wished.

Wavell never trusted Gandhi and did not think him genuine. But he released him from detention on medical evidence that his life was in danger and that he was never likely to be well enough again to be a political force. The Mahatma, however, was soon well enough to regain his old form, producing the familiar mixture of humility and political cunning, which not unnaturally annoyed the Prime Minister greatly. Meanwhile, apparently encouraging signs of a rapprochement between Gandhi and the equally cunning Jinnah came to nothing, not for the first or the last time. Wavell behaved throughout with absolute correctness, but he had to answer angry accusations by Churchill that he was negotiating with Gandhi.

Some of Wavell's comments in these papers are acute and historically important—in particular, his observation that Pakistan was largely the creation of Congress itself by its attitude towards the Muslims in those Provinces in which it gained power. Linlithgow had thought exactly the same. There are also occasional flashes of light relief. For instance, there is a report from Sir George Cunningham, Governor of the North-West Frontier Province, of an election in Peshawar, in which he describes how the opponents of the Congress Party dressed up a stork as Gandhi, complete with *dhoti* and spectacles, and paraded it round the city (the poor bird died the following day).

But there is a disturbing conclusion. When Linlithgow handed over to Wavell he told him that the chief obstacles to Indian political progress were the (political) stupidity of the Indians and the dishonesty of the British. On the latter point he was speaking mainly from his experience of Churchill as Prime Minister. Wavell's view about British honesty was the same. In a letter to Wavell of August 16, 1944, Amery showed what the two Viceroys meant:

> The real trouble, as we both know well, is that you and I both genuinely mean to implement the Government's pledges if they can be implemented, and at any rate to make quite clear that we are seriously doing our best to promote a solution even if we have to stand firmly by the conditions which are essential to enable India to start off at peace within herself and in conditions which are likely to have some reasonable stability. The Prime Minister passionately hopes that any solution involving the fulfilment of our pledges can still somehow or other be prevented, and with that in view naturally makes difficulties at every stage. . . .

The limitations of Indian nationalism are illustrated by these words written by the nationalist leader Rajagopalachari in an Indian newspaper in October 1943:

> British Imperial politics have always been a mixture of national self-interest and certain truly noble ideals, whereas Indian Nationalism is not the irresistible longing of a homogeneous and united people ready to sacrifice their all in the thirst for freedom.

In 1944 one of the Indian Members of Wavell's Executive Council, Dr N. B. Khare, referred to the famous "four freedoms" which the Allies had announced as their objective. He suggested a fifth—"freedom from humbug". Historians will find this volume and the rest of the series of indispensable assistance. If they will seek the truth in terms of Dr Khare's fifth freedom they will also do a much needed service.

Like its predecessors, this volume is splendidly and carefully produced. Sadly, its dedication recalls that the Assistant Editor of the series, E. W. S. Lumby, died before publication. His distinguished successor is Sir Penderel Moon, who resigned from the ICS during the Second World War and who has recently edited Wavell's journal.

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The sex-life of Hindu gods

WENDY DONIGER O'FLAHERTY :

Asceticism and Eroticism in the Mythology of Siva

386pp. Oxford University Press. £8.

For the past twenty years Claude Lévi-Strauss has been telling us that the seeming absurdities of mythology are an illusion. Since mythological discourse is concerned with issues of metaphysics, it is inappropriate to judge its rationality by logical criteria appropriate to physical science. Mythology makes sense only in terms of a different kind of logic, a mytho-logic. Despite the immense interest aroused by Lévi-Strauss's work, most of the recognized experts in the history of religion have continued to adopt an attitude of extreme caution; those who read this structuralist study of Hindu mythology may find their scepticism hard to maintain.

The following is an important syllogism in mytho-logic which is implicit, though not stated as such, throughout Wendy O'Flaherty's book:

> It is anomalous for immortal gods to procreate descendants by sexual intercourse. It is anomalous for mortal men not to procreate descendants by sexual intercourse. Therefore it is anomalous for a mediator god-man either to engage in sexual intercourse or not to do so.

There is clearly no way out of this "logical" trap, but the mythologies of the major (as well as minor) religions have attempted all sorts of partial solutions. The god-man needs to have normal human passions yet have no offspring; so a new paradox is introduced: the god-man exhibits his human sexuality by consorting with prostitutes! On the other hand the saintly ancestor, who is close to God, must have descendants; so we have ascetic patriarchs who beget their first-born child in extreme old age.

The same kind of paradox applies also to the deified ancestress; the birth of the god-man-saint must be immaculate. Because birth is necessary, the fact of sexual intercourse must be admitted, but because the birth must be free from contamination the sexual intercourse must be denied, or made thoroughly abnormal.

Hence the virgin birth of deified heroes or the pregnancy of saintly mothers past the age of child bearing. Every aspect of the sexual act becomes loaded with ambiguous moral values: Onan "spills his seed upon the ground" rather than cohabit with Tamar, his deceased brother's wife, which is morally right by one criterion and wrong by another. Tamar then puts matters right by seducing her aging father-in-law (Judah) in the disguise of a prostitute and becomes thereby the ancestress of kings and saints! Mary Magdalene "whom Jesus loved" doubles for Mary, his Virgin Mother, who was made pregnant of the Holy Ghost. The permutations are endless. In the extreme, they include both phallic worship and ritual castration, as in the cult of Attis, where the castrated phallus, as lingam, is itself completely ambiguous: by metonymy, it is a sign for procreative sexuality and fertile abundance; by synecdoche, it is a sign for the *unspilled* seed of the aroused ascetic, who successfully defies the lusts of the flesh.

The great value of Dr O'Flaherty's book is that she demonstrates, with quite remarkable economy and elegance, how this whole packet of mystical contradictions is incorporated into the immensely elaborated corpus of Hindu pantheism, particularly in relation to the core myth of God (Mahādeva) as Śiva and his consort Dēvi, at Pārvatī.

The author is lecturer in the ancient history of South Asia at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, and she moves with an assured confidence through a vast variety of Indian textual and iconographic materials covering the whole Indian sub-continent over a time span of about 4,000 years. The scholarly apparatus, in the form of motif index, marginal references, glossary, bibliography and notes is extremely formidable but need not deter the non-specialist potential reader. The complex, and largely novel, cross-referencing procedure (which will certainly have its imitators) is designed for the expert, but the argument of the book is perfectly comprehensible without this gadgetry. Indeed, even the professional addict would be well advised, at first reading, to skip most of pages 20-30, where the working of the technical apparatus is explained. Dr O'Flaherty's unusually lucid powers of exposition are fully adequate for all ordinary purposes.

The central theme of the book, which earlier in this review was somewhat improperly applied to non-Indian materials, is one which has baffled even the most sympathetic European observers of Hinduism. Early in the nineteenth century the Abbé Dubois expressed it thus:

> By one of those contradictions which abound in Hindu books, side by side with the account of the punishments inflicted on a hermit for his inability to conquer his sensual passions, we find, related with expressions of enthusiasm and admiration, the feats of debauchery ascribed to some of their ascetic sages—feats that lasted without interruption for thousands of years; and (burlesque idea!) it is to their pious asceticism that they are said to owe this unquenchable virility.

The contradiction is especially prominent in the mythology of Śiva:

> On Kailāsa mountain, Śiva lives as a naked yogi. His wife Pārvatī is the most beautiful woman in the universe, capable of bewitching even the best of yogis. Though Śiva is the enemy of Kāma and is without passion, he is Pārvatī's slave when he makes love to her.

Dr O'Flaherty is thoroughly familiar with all the various procedures for myth interpretation which have been proposed over the past two centuries and is prepared to find some limited merit in most of them, but she here applies, in a completely systematic way, the precepts laid down by Lévi-Strauss in his 1953 essay, "The Structural Study of Myth". The result is astonishing. She gives us a synthetic version of the "total" story of Śiva and Pārvatī, leading up to the ultimate, highly anomalous, birth of "their" son, Skanda. This total version does not appear anywhere in the literature.

Having thus helpfully started with her conclusion, Dr O'Flaherty then shows that the whole corpus of the mythology, consisting of many hundreds of separate and superficially contradictory stories, amounts to a set of orchestrated variations on this central model. The "fit" of the jigsaw-puzzle is complete and there is no cheating. The author displays all her cards and leaves no loose ends to appease the sceptical. She has exhibited in a quite uncompromising manner that, for this particular body of material, a Lévi-Straussian style of analysis really works.

Vast quantities of mythology, which have previously seemed to be just a jumbled residue of half-forgotten folktale and of ritual practice which has long since disappeared, are now seen to fit together into a coherent whole which conveys a message. The message [illegible] logical, but there is sense [illegible] non-sense. In modern Hi[illegible] justifies the religious pre[illegible] while it is appropriate for [illegible] to adopt the ascetic life of [illegible] he has a duty to procreate, [illegible] spring first; it also [illegible] Hindu view of time in [illegible] tinuity is imagined as a c[illegible] birth—asceticism alternating [illegible] sexual indulgence—rather th[illegible] inactive life hereafter, in [illegible] and sexless heaven.

The only complaint one [illegible] offer is that Dr O'Flaherty [illegible] confines herself to the Ind[illegible] text in which she is prof[illegible] expert. As a consequence, [illegible] seems to reinforce the visual[illegible] sion conveyed by the margin[illegible] tations, and may suggest to [illegible] readers that it is of interest [illegible] Indologists. But certainly [illegible] the case; if properly used, [illegible] should have a major influ[illegible] the study of the myths [illegible] Judaeo-Christianity and of the [illegible] gions of the Ancient World [illegible] hope that a more modestly [illegible] paperback edition is on the [illegible]

The anti-structuralists

RAOUL and LAURA MAKARIUS :

Structuralisme ou ethnologie

360pp. Paris : Anthropos. 35fr.

Raoul and Laura Makarius contend that the structuralism of Lévi-Strauss has not only failed to explain anything but depends for its application on a deprivation of significance: instead of effecting a new kind of understanding, it has led only to the formulation of "structures élémentaires de l'incompréhension". What they refer to as *ethnologie*, on the other hand, comes directly to terms with the indigenous meanings of ethnographical materials and thus, they claim, provides a true understanding.

In order to make this case, the authors have brought together seven of their essays, six of which have been published between 1967 and 1971 in the journal *L'Homme et la Société*. These deal with a range of topics, including totemism, kinship, jaguar-myths in South America, the symbolism of the left hand, eagle-trapping among the Hidatsa, and much else that has been treated by Lévi-Strauss and by those associated with his approach. The arguments of the papers are clear and pungent, and they draw on a wide range of current social anthropology and the associated ethnography. (This scope makes it the more a pity that no index has been provided.) There is nothing technical in the way of kinship diagrams or abstruse notation, and the collection has a blunt and vigorous character which should appeal to those who appreciate plain speaking about recondite subjects and grandiose reputations.

A recurrent theme in this volume is that Lévi-Strauss characteristically misrepresents the sources to which he refers, and not only the ethnographical evidence but the published opinions of anthropological au[illegible]ities as well, from Tylor to R[illegible]-Brown. This disquieting c[illegible] conscientiously borne out [illegible] citations, and brooks no appeal. Whatever the stimulus of Lévi-Strauss's theoretical ambitions, his scholarly derelictions tend constantly to dissipate the apparent force of his analyses. In this regard the present critique is indeed radical, and undeniably salutary, but the charge itself is by no means new: E. R. Leach, Rodney Needham, and J.-F. Revel made the point in the 1950s, and subsequent checks of the empirical foundations of Lévi-Strauss's arguments have only supplied repeated confirmation.

Where the Makariuses make a distinctive argument is in their attempt to demonstrate the value of *ethnologie* (usually rendered as "social anthropology", but here not very aptly) as an alternative to structuralism. The striking thing, however, about this aspect of their work is not so much a convincing fidelity to the indigenous meanings of ethnographic facts as the rigidity of the authors' epistemological presuppositions. They hold, with allusions to Marx and Lenin, that modes of social behaviour are responses to practical necessities; that kinship systems, for instance, respond to concrete exigencies of society and are "structured" in conformity with rules imposed historically by these same exigencies; that symbolism is given by the objective social situation and not by a configuration of the human mind; and that oppositions in particular derive from the material structure of the organization of society. Even the laws of logic have nothing to do with processes of thought or reasoning, but pertain to objective realities existing in nature; so that if $A=B$, and $A=C$, the conclusion that $B=C$ is merely "an abstraction derived from empirical experience".

Yet when the authors get down to empirical cases, in the re-interpretation of ethnographical reports, the burden of their proof lies elsewhere. What they are obsessed by, it turns out, is the horrifying magical power of the blood-taboo, especially that on menstrual blood, "la poutre maîtresse soutenant l'ordre de la société". This fascination of theirs is well typified in the long chapter devoted to a demolition of "The Left Hand of the Mugwe", by Dr Needham (who is described, surely anachronistically, as "often more Lévi-Straussian than Lévi-Strauss"). Essentially, the method of their argument is to contradict the ethnographic data when convenient, even if the ethnographer himself has explicitly sustained them, to assert prejudicially and without evidence that the magical potency of the left hand of the Mugwe has "the characteristics of the power of blood", and then to make up a crucial event—the violation of a blood-taboo (a real "factoid", this)—which will found a conclusion that is as perversely shaky as any for which the critics castigate Lévi-Strauss.

Nevertheless, this is a provocative book which, quirky though it may be, offers some quite interesting challenges; e g, the idea that there are real oppositions in nature which constitute "islands of certainty"; that if oppositions have a role to play it is precisely because the mind is not ordered by them; that myth is the language of contradiction; or that a basic flaw in structuralism is the confusion between laws of thought and laws of logic.

Finally, a wider if incidental concern is the professional risk that the authors may incur by bringing out this forthright critique. Bernard Delfendahl, in *Le Clair et l'obscur* (reviewed in these columns on October 19, 1973), has recently published a similarly caustic derogation of Lévi-Strauss's structuralism. According to the dedication page of Robert Jaulin's *Gens du soi, gens de l'autre*, M Delfendahl has since been punished for this contumacy, by the committee for ethnology of the CNRS, with dismissal from his post. This report is a lot more worrying than anything in the sanguinary materialism of the present critics of Lévi-Strauss, and far more consequential than the tendentious obscurities of the latter's "tristes structures".

Jungle journeys

ADRIAN COWELL :

The Tribe that Hides from Man

251pp. Bodley Head. £3.

NICHOLAS GUPPY :

A Young Man's Journey

276pp. John Murray. £3.75.

The reader in search of books on travel and adventure in South America is best advised to return to an earlier century—to Bates, Crevaux, Humboldt and Waterton to name just a few whose works immediately come to mind. Having said that, it may be admitted that the two books under review, while nowhere near achieving the quality which makes those works great, are well above the standard of recent publications in this field. They are different sorts of book but in both cases the authors have had experiences which stand the telling without need for elaboration and overdramatization.

Adrian Cowell's *The Tribe that Hides from Man* is the book of, or the story behind, the filming of his award-winning television film of the same title. In many ways it is rather better than the film. Both deal with the attempts of the Villas Boas brothers to contact the Kreen-Akrore Indians of central Brazil and attract them into the Upper Xingu Indian reservation, but, perhaps because Mr Cowell writes so well, the book provides a much better background to the attempted contact. The picture he draws of the Villas Boas brothers, perhaps the most unwillingly famous frontiersmen of this century, is excellent, and he conveys only too clearly the frustrations of doing a job for a government and people whose attitude towards the aboriginal population of their country can at the politest be described as ambivalent. The reader also gets more than the viewer, for, while at the end of the film the Kreen-Akrore have remained stubbornly out of sight, a postscript to the book records that patience was rewarded and Claudio Villas Boas and the Kreen-Akrore finally met at the beginning of 1973.

The photographic illustrations are of a particularly high standard, as one might expect in a book whose author was accompanied by professional cameramen, although the disadvantage may be that some of the shots, like scenes from the film, are obviously posed. The ethnographic content of the book is low, and what there is is mainly restricted to one of the four appendixes. Considering the length of time Mr Cowell has spent in the Xingu this is a pity, as is his failure to have learnt any native language. But the most unfortunate aspect of the book, given its author's commitment to the Indians' cause, is the mindless if not offensive ethnocentricism of the title. One might have hoped that this was the inspiration of some publicity man, but this does [illegible] necessarily so since the au[illegible] self refers to the Indian[illegible] Xingu as "human sub-spec[illegible]

Mr Cowell writes [illegible] other people; Nicholas Gu[illegible] more about himself. He [illegible] *A Young Man's Journey* [illegible] ment of an autobiography, [illegible] many such works it rep[illegible] mixture of the confessional [illegible] couch. Indeed the journe[illegible] took place twenty-five yea[illegible] partly one of self-explor[illegible] search for an identity rea[illegible] his initial unhappy experie[illegible] the colonial society of [illegible] then British Guiana. A [illegible] Mr Guppy despises and [illegible] reject but finds, as a resu[illegible] isolation during his journey [illegible] cannot entirely do without [illegible] final sentence of this book [illegible] thing to go by, the events [illegible] first year in Guyana influe[illegible] later life.

This personal aspect [illegible] book centres on the [illegible] attempts as a newly [illegible] Assistant Conservator of F[illegible] initiate a survey of the [illegible] resources of Guyana and [illegible] cessful completion of the [illegible] dition for this purpose. The [illegible] tion took three months in [illegible] covered a middle stretch [illegible] Essequibo River. There is [illegible] the book that can be de[illegible] exciting adventure, altho[illegible] Guppy's descriptions of [illegible] places and events are we[illegible] This is particularly true [illegible] routinely frightful conditio[illegible] his and his men's work in [illegible] the daily cutting of lines [illegible] dense undergrowth, with [illegible] often up to their necks in wa[illegible]

As well as the narra[illegible] personal elements of *A* [illegible] *Man's Journey*, the author [illegible] trained botanist, has much [illegible] about the plants and trees [illegible] area. For the non-b[illegible] minded, this aspect is [illegible] sively obtrusive and for the [illegible] dedicated botanist there is [illegible] arrangement whereby the [illegible] contains the precise botan[illegible] formation concerning the [illegible] which more general refer[illegible] made in the text.

A jarring note is Mr [illegible] home-grown social philosoph[illegible] is based on what he call[illegible] morphism; the explana[illegible] human behaviour by extr[illegible] from plant behaviour. As [illegible] device it is mildly irritati[illegible] more than that it is close [illegible] absurd. The result is some [illegible] pronouncements on the na[illegible] development of human soci[illegible] are even more exposed to [illegible] telling criticisms previously [illegible] at the ethologists and anima[illegible] tourists who have attempt[illegible] thing similar. However, [illegible] might be an apt one to [illegible] certain passages of the auth[illegible] prose, where it takes on [illegible] riant nature of the tropical [illegible] tion through which he journe[illegible]

Off-duty

CAO XUEQIN :

The Story of the Stone
Volume I : *The Golden Days*

Translated by David Hawkes

540pp. Penguin. Paperback, 75p.

David Hawkes's new translation of the greatest of all Chinese novels has been long-awaited, and it is pleasant indeed to find expectations so amply rewarded. The reputation of *The Story of the Stone* has been daunting but tantalizing, because its previous translations into Western languages have been so inadequate. Even the one blessed by a preface from Arthur Waley is a stilted 400-page abridgment which could only act as a deterrent to the curious reader. The original was left unfinished in eighty chapters by Cao Xueqin (Ts'ao Hsüeh-ch'in) at his death in 1763, and completed by Gao E (Kao Eh) in a further forty chapters, to be published at last in 1792. The present volume contains only the first twenty-six chapters, and four more volumes are to follow. It is fitting that in the field of Chinese fiction we should see the beginning of an enterprise to match in scale and quality the six volumes of Arthur Waley's translation of the *Tale of Genji* from the Japanese.

In its breadth and detail, and in its nostalgic and dreamlike charm, *The Story of the Stone* inevitably invites comparison with *A la recherche du temps perdu*. And, just as it is possible to admire Proust's art while feeling no attraction to the world he creates, so there will be some who are not attracted to the dream-world of Cao Xueqin. It has a fin-de-siècle preciosity about it which is perhaps too seldom relieved by its interludes of down-to-earth humour, and it is placed in a "moral" framework of a most whimsical blend of Buddhism and Taoism. Taken in isolation, it is easy to forget how much this is a golden recollection of times past, a brief and glorious escape from the path of Confucian duty, the filial piety and the sound classical education which would lead inexorably to a more or less successful official career. The enchantment is temporary and precarious, and its irresponsibility sanctioned by an enormous but unseen counterweight of propriety and conformity. Jia Bao-yu, the adolescent hero, reminds us of this unseen pressure from time to time with bouts of panic and remorse whenever lessons are mentioned or a summons arrives from his father. Yet their most extended meeting in this volume is the occasion for a satirical tour de force at the expense of everyone, when the father, Jia Zheng, accompanied by his son and his sycophantic "literary gentlemen", pays a visit to a newly-constructed garden in order to devise names and inscriptions for its outstanding features, as was the custom. For, as he remarks, "All these prospects and pavilions—even the rocks and trees and flowers—will seem somehow incomplete without that touch of poetry which only the written word can lend the scene."

It would be presumptuous to talk of the quality of the translation. The language of the original is notoriously difficult and there are many obscurities, but none of this is apparent in the flexible but highly finished language of the translation. Dr Hawkes's scholarship is prodigious but always human. It is a pity that he has adopted the more correct title for the work, *The Story of the Stone*, discarding the more familiar *Dream of the Red Chamber*. To Chinese readers and Sinologists the associations of that title may be misleading, but to Western readers struggling to find their way in a bewildering new world, *The Story of the Stone* will for a time at least mean all too little. It is a pity, too, that the vagaries of the modern Peking romanization "pinyin" have produced an Aztec mystery, Cao Xueqin, out of that Ch'ing genius *d'un bien beau passé*, Ts'ao Hsueh-ch'in, whose family fortunes so closely mirrored the decline and fall of the Jia family in his own novel. *In his introduction*, Dr Hawkes reports a remark Ts'ao is supposed to have made: "If anyone is in a hurry to read my novel, all he's got to do is keep me daily supplied with roast duck and good Shaoxing wine, and I'll be happy to oblige him." Let us hope that Dr Hawkes himself is well provided.

A hard school

N. G. POMYALOVSKY :

Seminary Sketches

Translated by Alfred R. Kuhn

228pp. Cornell University Press (IBEG). £4.20.

G. R. BARRATT :

Selected Letters of Evgenij Baratynskij

131pp. The Hague: Mouton. 44fl.

If *Tom Brown's Schooldays* had been set in a monastic barracks and given over to an unflinching description of brutal scourgings, lunatic bullyings, rote learning of the Bible, and systematic stupefaction of all the boys, ranging in age from less than ten to more than twenty, English readers might have had some inkling of the bitter testimony in *Seminary Sketches*, N. G. Pomyalovsky's classic picture of religious education in nineteenth-century Russia. Historians may speculate why the Russian Orthodox Church played so ineffectual a role in countering the spread of atheist socialist doctrines. One reason, obviously partial though it may be, is that education of the kind described by Pomyalovsky helped to turn many of the intending priests into atheists. One consequence, of which Pomyalovsky himself is an example, was that some of the leading publicists of materialism and socialism in nineteenth-century Russia were former seminarians.

Pomyalovsky spent fourteen years in the church school and the seminary of the Alexander Nevsky monastery in St Petersburg. After graduating in 1857, bitterly conscious of the inadequacy of his education, he drifted for a couple of years, and was then persuaded to attend lectures at St Petersburg university which proved a revelation to him and prompted him both to devote himself to teaching in Sunday schools and to explore his own latent talent as a writer. His two short novels, *Bourgeois Happiness* and *Molotov*, were published in *The Contemporary* in 1861. But disillusionment at the failure of his hopes for the Sunday schools and the earlier, wasting experience of his seminary years turned him to drink. He became an alcoholic and during prolonged binges disappeared into the St Petersburg underworld, surfacing only long enough to complete the five sketches which make up the work now translated for the first time into English by Alfred Kuhn. He died of gangrene before he could complete the novel *Brother and Sister* that promised to be his most important work of fiction.

Bitterness, despair, a "graveyard philosophy", an outraged shriek against the crazy injustice of life as he knew it are the staple features of Pomyalovsky's work. The colours are mostly dark, the smells of his world are fetid and cloying, and tears frequent, and the callousness of the beatings inflicted upon the wretched seminarians unremitting. Pomyalovsky claimed that he received as many as 400 beatings during his education—"thus vying", as Professor Kuhn notes, "with Anthony Trollope for the singular honour of being flogged more times in school than any human being alive". The brutalizing effects of this maltreatment are recorded in a harsh, objective manner which is similar to Dostoevsky's in his record of his prison experiences, though much less mature and professional. Pomyalovsky's record is sincere but deeply embittered; it is poignant only when most evidently autobiographical, as in the fourth sketch devoted to the boy with the nickname Carp, who is Pomyalovsky himself. A closed, very tight-knit world of deep animosities, schoolboy slang, nicknames and a pervasive squalor: the language of Pomyalovsky's picture of seminary life naturally reflects its ethos but has open nerve ends in the Russian that are not easily suggested in translation. Professor Kuhn's is a respectful, well-meaning attempt to convey the sense of the original. The pungency and nervously frenetic passion of the Russian tend to become stilted and ungainly in this translation. Professor Kuhn's introduction is by contrast a model of lucid exposition.

G. R. Barratt has translated and annotated seventy-four letters from the hundred or so extant letters by the Russian poet Baratynsky. Apart from the likelihood that these selected letters are intended to be a companion volume to a study of the poet which he hopes to publish shortly, one wonders why he should have troubled to do this. Baratynsky does not emerge as a very striking letter-writer, there is no biography of the poet, the notes are detailed but prone to the kind of scholarly silliness which must footnote a reference in a childhood letter to "the pleasures of dissipation" with the pompous remark: "Baratynskij speaks somewhat grandiloquently of debauch that was, one suspects, one-third real, two-thirds imagined." Yet the most important items in this selection are probably the letters to I. V. Kireyevsky, one of the founders of Slavophilism, whose article "The Nineteenth Century" (1832) was a landmark in the ideological debate of the period. Though the article is referred to by Baratynsky and discussed in his correspondence, nowhere does Professor Barratt feel the need to explain its significance or point to the shallowness of Baratynsky's interpretation of it.

Pogrom notes

MANFRED FRANKE :

Mordverläufe

178pp. Darmstadt and Neuwied: Luchterhand. DM28.

With *Mordverläufe* Manfred Franke has produced a lightly fictionalized documentary account of the events that occurred during one night of November 1938 in one particular small town in Germany. Although he has changed the names and taken steps to camouflage the identity of the place, the reader is left in no doubt about the authenticity of Franke's "report".

The night in question, known as the Kristallnacht (or "night of the broken glass"), was the setting for one of the most violent pogroms of the whole Nazi period, a turning-point in the Nazis' treatment of the Jews which Franke chooses to describe in a sober, factual tone which best suits the dignity of the victims' suffering. At various places he sketches in the historical background to this event: the shooting of a German Embassy official in Paris by an enraged Jewish refugee, the organization of a "spontaneous" gesture of anger in response on the part of the German people (in the shape of local SA, SS and Party members), and the preceding annual celebrations of the Munich Beer Hall Putsch which had just whipped up nationalist anti-semitic fervour.

Yet Franke's concern is not with the grand design of that night; he concentrates on one particular locality, and offers the reader a meticulously detailed account of what a handful of victims suffered at the hands of their ignominious fellow-townspeople.

Through a loosely connected set of documents, depositions, transcriptions and affidavits, *Mordverläufe* slowly builds up a picture of how the rampage turned into bloodshed. The town in the novel enjoyed the dubious distinction of subsequently invoking the Party's disapproval for having overstepped the prescribed limits of engineered spontaneity, and for having actually killed a number of Jews. Through his juxtaposition of materials, Franke gains a certain ironic effect from contrasting the celebratory beginning to the night with its bloody outcome, by showing how in this case the Party bosses' plans backfired, and by relating the events of the night itself to the eventual Gestapo inquiries and the post-mortems after the war.

The work's subtitle, "An account of the fear, the brutality and death, of the finding of clues and their rediscovery", might mislead some readers into expecting a biased documentary in the manner of Peter Weiss. However, on the whole, Franke is willing to allow his documents to speak for themselves and presents them without any tendentious ordering or selection. His inquiry into just what happened becomes a way to retrace and bring to life once more these incidents rather than an end in itself. But Franke includes enough of his own personal perspective and biography to prevent us losing sight of the fact that this is *his* home town and *his* search (hence the subtitle's references to "the finding of clues" in previous investigations and the "rediscovery" of them in the town's archives and in other historical documents). With the exception of a rather facile thirty-years-on type of ending, *Mordverläufe* succeeds in keeping an appropriately underplayed tension between the bald documentation of facts and a personal response to them. It brings to life one of the most infamous episodes of recent history and does so with dignity and a sense of involvement.

The hordes' hoard

WALTHER HEISSIG :

Geschichte der mongolischen Literatur

Volume I : 19 Jahrhundert bis zum Beginn des 20 Jahrhunderts

Volume II : 20 Jahrhundert bis zum Einfluss moderner Ideen

969pp including 32 illustrations. Wiesbaden : Otto Harrassowitz. DM 186.

It is difficult to overcome the notion that the Mongols have always been an ignorant and barbaric people. This notion has, unfortunately, been buttressed by Mongols writing after the Communist revolution in Mongolia, who have emphasized the high degree of illiteracy (up to 95 per cent) before the revolution of 1921.

No one has worked harder to dispel this myth of barbarism than Walther Heissig, a professor formerly at Göttingen, now at Bonn. He has also been industrious in cataloguing and commenting on Mongolian manuscripts and wood-blocks for printing books, preserved in European libraries and museums. *Geschichte der mongolischen Literatur* is his major work so far. The presentation is elaborate. There are some unusual illustrations, and the footnotes and bibliography touch on history, ethnography, folklore and the life and customs of illiterate Mongols as well as on literature, and include fifty-one works by Professor Heissig himself. In the main text, selections from Mongolian verse and prose are given in German translation, but transliterations of the Mongol originals are given in the notes which follow each chapter.

Two important historical theses emerge from the massive presentation of facts in this great work. One is that the Mongols (and other pastoral nomads) were never simply rapacious destroyers. They were also, through their own trade and through the trading caravans of merchants of many nationalities to whom they gave safe-conduct, active contributors to the development of the ancient "high cultures".

The second "thesis", as it may be called, turns on the question of the small number of literates in a pastoral nomadic society like that of pre-revolutionary Mongolia. What is usually overlooked in discussions of this kind is the fact that in the old "high cultures" of China, India, Iran and Arabia the number of really literate people was also extremely low. This problem is usually detoured by assuming that there was a cultural "trickle-down" from the sophisticated upper levels to the ignorant masses.

Here Professor Heissig makes a notable contribution. His extraordinarily rich material shows how learned monks and others of the privileged classes knew Chinese, Manchu, Tibetan or Sanskrit (and often several of these languages), travelled widely, and sometimes lived for years far from their birthplaces. While they contributed to the "trickle-down" of "higher" cultural themes, they also often fulfilled an "absorbing-upward" function: that is, they took material from oral folk-tales and ballads and presented it afresh in literary form. Since some of this unwritten material had in the first place trickled down from Tibetan, Indian, or other originals, the two-way traffic was often extremely complicated.

This inter-weaving of the old and the new, the distant and the near, partly explains—it is not the whole explanation—why after more than fifty years of Communist-guided revolution and social transformation one can still find in Mongol encampments, especially in the evenings when the mare's milk goes the rounds, people who can offhand compose a ballad in the old alliterative mode, frequently accompanying themselves with improvised music on the traditional "horse-headed fiddle".

Professor Heissig's work will stand for a long time as a monument in the field of Mongolian studies.

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A misattributed speech in 'Man and Superman'

BY JAMES REDMOND

Man and Superman ought to be free of textual confusion, for Shaw excelled even his own fastidious standards in supervising its printing, both in Britain and in the United States. In each country he arranged for the play to be printed before he had found a publisher, "so as to run as little risk as possible of losing it through the loss or destruction of the MS". He decided that his work was too important to be entrusted to publishers: "I took matters into my own hands, and, like Herbert Spencer and Ruskin, manufactured my books myself, and induced Constables to take me 'on commission'." This was a crucial step, for it set the pattern for the rest of his career. The choice of printer had to be made with the greatest deliberation; only R. and R. Clark of Edinburgh were sensitive enough for the job, and Shaw spent a great deal of time correcting not only the text itself but the minutest details of typography and page design. When he commissioned William Dana Orcutt to design an edition of *Man and Superman* with which to establish the American copyright, he demanded that Orcutt should slavishly imitate the Clark volume, following the text line for line, with exactly similar margins. Unfortunately the printer had to work with type faces of different widths from Clark's, and the final product enraged Shaw mightily: "the book, as you have produced it, is a perfectly shocking piece of printing—almost as bad as the work of the Roycroft Shop, which is the worst in the world."

Shaw went on to recommend William Morris as "the greatest printer of the XIX century, and one of the greatest printers of all the centuries". Morris had taught Shaw to hate the sight of spaces and gaps in what should be a generously filled page:

> Now that is 99% of the secret of good printing. Don't have patches of white or trickling rivers of it trailing down the page like raindrops on a window. At the top of p. 131, I have marked these rivers. Are they not horrible? *White is the enemy of the printer. Black*, rich, fat, even black, without grey patches, are, or should be, his pride. Leads and quads and displays of different kinds of type should be reserved for insurance prospectuses and advertisements of lost dogs.

Shaw had carefully corrected the text, but he could do nothing about those awful holes that had been punched into his work: "your compositor has actually put four of these gaps in a straight line down the page. Four! He ought to be boiled!" Shaw was conscious that *Man and Superman* was his masterpiece and he wanted no imperfection in its presentation. He had always hated carelessness and error, with such passion that in 1895 he could write in all seriousness:

> I have lost my father and my sister, with whom I was on excellent terms; and I assure you their deaths disturbed me less than a misprint in an article. . . . The inevitable does not touch me: it is the non-avoidance of the evitable, the neglect of the possible, the falling short of attainable efficiency, clearness, accuracy, and beauty, that set me raging. I really care deeply for nothing but *fine work*. . . .

If all writers had a Shavian concern to present their work in perfect form, one might suppose that textual scholarship need never have been invented. But, perhaps because his eyes were bulging belligerently at the spaces between his words, Shaw allowed one awkward corruption of his *Man and Superman* text to survive in all the printed versions during his life. In the first act Mrs Whitefield reprimands Ann for her practice of addressing others by the childish nicknames she invents for them; they must find it embarrassing to be so treated by a girl who is now grown-up.

> ANN. How can you say such a thing, Mamma! [*Glowing with affectionate remorse*] Oh, I wonder can you be right! Have I been inconsiderate? [*She turns to Octavius, who is sitting astride his chair with his elbows on the back of it. Putting her hand on his forehead she turns his face up suddenly*]. Do you want to be treated like a grown up man? Must I call you Mr Robinson in future?
>
> OCTAVIUS [*earnestly*] Oh please call me Ricky-ticky-tavy. "Mr Robinson" would hurt me cruelly. [*She laughs and pats his cheek with her finger; then comes back to Ramsden*]. You know I'm beginning to think that Granny is rather a piece of impertinence. But I never dreamt of its hurting you.
>
> RAMSDEN [*breezily as he pats her affectionately on the back*]. My dear Annie, nonsense. I insist on Granny. I wont answer to any other name than Annie's Granny.

It is clear that the second part of that speech attributed to Octavius must be spoken by Ann. Shaw's eye let it pass because the pattern of dialogue following stage-direction seemed to repeat the procedure in the previous speech. It... regular elegance of the (... encourages one to ... omission of her name ... those two sentences as ... ing from Ann. The issue ... in the rehearsals or ... Shaw attended, for his comments, even by his ... dards, are unusually detail... could never have endured ... ence of hearing those lines by Octavius.

But recent editions ... most importantly in the *Bodley Head Bernard Shaw*, ... the Clark lineation, and ... reads the passage involv... ing from Octavius. I have seen one undergraduate ... where the awkwardness ... and we shall see it again ... editor of the play puts ... right. If Shaw had ... meticulous, his editors ... lulled into an acquies... tance of the texts he left with an author whose ... correctness was so extre... must be a rigorously criti... The Max Reinhardt pref... to the new standard edi... the danger clear:

> to ensure a definitive ... have set type for the ... edition from the last ... each volume of plays ... Standard Edition ... authorized for press ... his lifetime . . . the texts ... fully reproduced.

A cure for drabness

HERBERT SIMON:

Songs and Words
A History of the Curwen Press.

261pp. Allen and Unwin. £7.50.

When the Reverend John Curwen realized that, by using the Tonic Sol-fa method to teach religious music, he would be able to clear the five-barred gate of clefs, crotchets, quavers, semi-quavers and demi-semi-quavers, he established a Tonic Sol-fa School in 1863. In the same year, for the purpose of printing music, he set up in East London a press which still bears his family's name. Two generations later his grandson, Harold, transformed the printing of J. Curwen and Sons Ltd by inculcating notions of good design, and by broadening the scope of its work beyond music, which in 1906-07 still represented 76 per cent of its sales. Harold Curwen's achievements had a dramatic effect upon English typography, and attracted to his family's press first Oliver Simon and later his brother, Herbert, who has written *Songs and Words*.

The book's subtitle, "A History of the Curwen Press", does not indicate the period covered. In fact it starts well before 1863 with an account of John Curwen's career in the church and his friendship with the inventor of the Tonic Sol-fa method, a lady more than thirty years his senior named Sarah Glover. The period ends somewhat perversely in 1933 when the firm of J. Curwen and Sons Ltd became The Curwen Press Ltd, and Herbert Simon joined the new board of directors.

It is easy to understand Mr Simon's reticence to narrate the history of the Curwen Press during the period he was on its board, all the more so as he served as chairman from 1956 to 1970. But he may baffle some readers by referring in his short epilogue to sweeping changes made after 1933 by "a new broom from Birmingham". Those who have read his brother Oliver's autobiography, *Printer and Playground* (1956), will know that Herbert came from the Kynoch Press in Birmingham, and that he had earlier acquired an appreciation of fine printing while working in New York with Bruce Rogers in 1920.

Mr Simon has an elevating tale to tell. Both the Curwens and the Simons were high-minded idealists. John Curwen's chief mission in life was to improve the quality of singing in churches and schools, and to turn music into a delightful cultural medium. He modified Sarah Glover's system so as to make it "the most simple of all, the most easy to teach and the most easy to learn". He succeeded triumphantly. By 1860 it was estimated that there were 100,000 serious Tonic Sol-fa students. He skilfully exploited publishing opportunities, and established a thriving publishing house. In 1891 he could claim that 6 million had learnt to sing by his improved method. His elder son, John Spencer Curwen, became an accomplished musician and carried on his father's work; his younger son, Joseph Spedding Curwen, was active in running the printing side of the business. But it was his grandson who made the firm conscious of the importance of good design.

Few men who attended Edward Johnston's classes in lettering were unaffected by his standards and attitudes. Harold Curwen was no exception, and he even followed in his master's steps by designing a sanserif type, for use at his family's press; he also commissioned Henry Ball, another student of Johnston's, to redesign some of the firm's music covers—a fine example is reproduced by Mr Simon. In 1915 Harold Curwen became a founder member of the Design and Industries Association, and he later brought a colourful note into Curwen printing by engaging Claud Lovat Fraser to work with him. As Mr Simon aptly remarks, "Harold was like a doctor prescribing for his patients and the deadly disease he was trying to cure was commercial drabness".

After Oliver Simon joined the firm in 1920, it quickly gained its reputation for printing fine books, producing, within an astonishingly short time, a remarkable series. This achievement is fully documented by Mr Herbert Simon in an appendix which ... catalogue raisonné (pre... eral instalments by his ... the books printed at ... Press between 1920 and ... nine of these books, ... were coloured by the s... cess, to which Mr Simon ... chapter; in it he inclu... explanation of this proc... by Miss Gertrude Temb... a member of the sta... ment's staff. Miss Temb... credited with having see... the design of *Songs* ... "typographic detail has ... erly observed".

Mr Simon's history is ... handsome volume, ... only by six photogra... listed in the prelims, ... some fifty line illustra... in colour. Strangely, no ... of these illustrations in ... are they covered by the ... a drawing by Stanley ... escapes any form of refer...

Writing of his brother ... Simon comments on Oli... rence of customer ... which "was sometim... beyond the limits of ... prudence . . . with ... there was always ... danger of an announce... account being closed". ... pregnant words with wh... a chapter. If he could ... reticence, a further vol... Simon on the history of ... Press from 1933 up to ... day would make a fasci... dant to *Songs and Words*.

Specialist Booksellers' Announcements

In Preparation
CATALOGUE 20: AUSTRALASIA
still available
CATALOGUE 17: AFRICA
Postal business only.
Ian Knights (Books),
136 St. Leonards Road,
London SW14 7NN.

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The doyen replies

WILLIAM B. TODD (Editor):

The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America
Volume 67, Number 1: January-March, 1973.

105pp. University of Texas, Bibliographical Society of America. $10 per year.

Philip Gaskell's *A New Introduction to Bibliography* was reviewed at respectful length in the *TLS* on October 6, 1972, and it has since formed the basis for a leading article in *The Book Collector*, with a second to follow in the forthcoming number. Now comes the first substantial response from the other side of the Atlantic, in a sharply critical article, entitled "McKerrow Revisited", by the doyen of contemporary bibliographers, Fredson Bowers of the University of Virginia. Professor Bowers disapproves of the title, which implies that Dr Gaskell's book can be taken as McKerrow's successor, whereas "in fact, the construction and methodology, including the whole point of view, are almost diametrically opposite to McKerrow's and the results are correspondingly affected".

In particular, Professor Bowers considers the treatment of the Elizabethan period, by a predominantly eighteenth-century authority, to be seriously at fault; even going so far as to write that "the account of proof-reading and correction given in pages 110-117 is pure moonshine for the average commercial book produced in the Elizabethan period", and he sums up a number of detailed criticisms with the assertion that "the whole 'Pattern of Production' section, pages 160-170, has little or no relation to Elizabethan conditions". He is also unhappy about Dr Gaskell's attitude to the editorial problems of copy-text for nineteenth-century authors, maintaining that "Greg's principles ... practice to the collected ... American writers such ... Twain, Melville, Tho... Stephen Crane—should ... lightly ignored.

The "special virtues ... kell's book, Professor ... cludes, "are obvious and ... importance to acquaint ... the basic materials and ... for printing over the ... hundred and more years ... out several components ... be matched elsewhere ... that these will make the ... dard reference work ... he returns to his first ... difference in Dr Gaskell ... view and in his person... has led him to write a ... a different order in which ... son with McKerrow would ... to both parties." Perhaps ... editions Dr Gaskell mi... having the first three ... his preface set in bold ...

Crime in short

...ELYN ANTHONY:

Occupying Power

...pp. Hutchinson. £2.25.

... might have thought that the ...ond World War and its emotions ...e placed out as thriller material. ...arly, in skilled hands, it is not. Is ...ight to re-create the terrors and ...ved of those times, still more to ...at that both are still valid? What... ...r the moral answer, this novel of ... French family making terms and ...ing it impossible to make terms ... Germans, now as then, is force... ...y successful.

...TOR CANNING:

Finger of Saturn

...pp. Heinemann. £2.10.

...almost excellent thriller, and for ...e people probably completely so. ... beginning, like the story-telling ...ughout, is compulsive: Rolt, ...st and apparently last scion of ... ancient family of rich English ...downers, learns that his wife, who ... vanished for two years, has been ...d, living, it seems with complete ...urance a life she genuinely ...eves has always been her own. ...urity interests are mysteriously ...olved; only the husband is sure ...er good faith, and he is soon sure ...no one else's. At last, for a bribe ...and even this determinedly ...ight man's power to resist, his ... good faith is corrupted. The ...ing, the explanation of most of ... mysteries, is the fall-short of excellence for those who, like Rolt himself, are not prepared to credit the incredible—except in avowed SF. But it must be granted that Victor Canning has handled the obtrusive element as well as any "straight" writer could. Released from the compulsive reading, a few loose ends niggle, such as the unexplained episode of the apparently neurotic dog. A major error in presentation is the photographic jacket. This is always offensive when it shows a human figure because it pre-empts, and usually diminishes, the reader's imagination; and the better the book, the greater the offence.

AGATHA CHRISTIE:

Postern of Fate

254pp. Collins. £2.

Unfortunately this latest story is about the now aged Tommy and Tuppence, never most people's favourites among Agatha Christie's investigators; and it is undeniably discursive. But many readers will, and indeed should, approach it with grateful respect and affection.

DICK FRANCIS:

Slay-Ride

224pp. Michael Joseph. £2.20.

The decisive judgment is the lay reader's. Every crime reviewer, no doubt, has the experience of friends demanding not just something new to read, but the new So-and-So. For the past couple of years these demands have been, so far as this column is concerned, almost unvarying: secondly, usually, the new Dorothy Halliday; first, always, the new Dick Francis. Well, here's the new Dick Francis, and nearly as good, though certainly not better than ever. Hero-narrator is the young Jockey-Club's chief investigator, and the field of search mostly Norway, which invariably makes for rather heavy sledding. Moreover, it cannot be denied that a certain weighting in response to an early point identifies an emotionally important villain. But there are still the many merits that make Mr Francis most people's present first choice as crime writer. To name some of them: the always compulsive story-telling and inventive plotting; the good English, and the gentle but stalwart morality.

ANTHONY GILBERT:

Is she dead too?

191pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.10.

Arthur Crook is always welcome, and it was worth while reprinting this 1950 story in which, almost too late, he saves the life of an innocent, hard-done-by girl.

HUGH GREENE (Editor):

The Crooked Counties

318pp. Bodley Head. £2.75.

The upgrading of ancient detective fiction in the antiquarian book-market has given a fillip of interest to what's printed on the increasingly valuable paper. But Hugh Greene is surely right to make this the last collection of old detective stories he will put out, for in this field literary and material values are clearly not consonant. Only the exceptional enthusiast can really *enjoy* the dozen out-of-London stories given here, apart from such scattered high-spots as the projected murder by balloon.

ROSS MACDONALD:

Sleeping Beauty

253pp. Collins. £1.70.

Not a good book, this time: stale language and creakingly manufactured plot, and one gets sick of the West Coast sicks.

LAURENCE MEYNELL:

The Thirteen Trumpeters

224pp. Macmillan. £1.95.

The prevailing tendency of second-rate crime fiction is to reek of near illiterate portentousness, pornography and gloom; which may lead perhaps over-readily to a reviewer's recommendation of a cheerful list of sub-sub Wodehousery like this, with its amiable silly-ass hero, and background of a wonderfully luxurious South-Italian hotel.

DENIS MILLER:

The Chinese Jade Affair

238pp. Milton House. £2.

A jolly and unpretentious secret-service bit of jaunting through London, Hongkong and Paris, in an unrestrained imbroglio of double-crosses. Apparently a first novel, and a thoroughly encouraging one in its jaunty confidence.

DERMOT O'CONNER:

The Slender Chance

192pp. John Long. £2.25.

In an Arab state a soft policeman is being framed. The discovery is the spur he had never known he needed. A neat construction of plots and motivations.

PETER O'DONNELL:

The Silver Mistress

254pp. Souvenir Press. £2.20.

Peter O'Donnell is our current master of get-me-out-of-here, with his outstanding ingenious use of "what lies to hand"—to the hands, of course, of Modesty Blaise and Willie Garvin. Another splendid bag of tricks on, mostly, Macau and the Pyrenees, partly below water and splendidly below ground. The Oxford University Press will be glad to know that Modesty has replaced her Concise with the complete *OED*.

ANTHONY PRICE:

October Men

256pp. Gollancz. £1.90.

Ratiocination is the sine qua non of detection. It is rarer in thrillers, but Anthony Price's speciality is there, and he displays it beautifully in a new story of Dr David Audley out-thinking both opponents and allies. Only the frightened Italian security officer doesn't seem to pay for his fictional keep. Surely he needed finally to pull *something* off, if only an effective trigger?

DOUGLAS RUTHERFORD:

Kickstart

190pp. Collins. £1.70.

As usual some beautifully tensed driving technique, this time with a Norton Commando, not a car; and, also as usual, a story not quite good enough to match the specialized thrills, which, if achieved, would lift Douglas Rutherford to the top ranks of thriller writers.

GEORGE SIMS:

Hunters Point

192pp. Gollancz. £2.

Nearly a good thriller, but in sum unsatisfactory: partly from an apparent determination to make it something more, for which an unfulfilled hero isn't nearly enough, and partly because time and again, in San Francisco as in London, characters seemingly introduced for emotionally significant roles are jettisoned without playing them.

Books received

...graphy and Memoirs

...UCK, ALEXANDRA. *Royal Engi...er.* A Life of Sir Edward ...Cane. 132pp. Angus and Robertson. £4.50.

...sub-title is misleading; this is ...ly a life of Sir Edmund DuCane. ... well-pointed commentary (with ...itial glance at his birth and ...ground, and a sketch of his later ...r), on DuCane's letters and ...ings during four years spent in ...ern Australia as a lieutenant in ...Royal Engineers, superintending ... for the convict establishment. ...ne's letters and drawings have ...erit of spontaneity rather than ...ance. Linked, as here, by an ...trusive narrative, they provide ...sh and attractive officer's view ... unfamiliar scene in the early ... killed Byron when he simply applied (perhaps too conscientiously) the orthodox treatments of the period.

...WNY, EDWARD JOHN. *Records of ...lley, Byron and the Author.* ...ted by David Wright. 323pp. ...guin. Paperback, 40p.

...ery welcome to have Trelawny's ...ds available again, particularly ... David Wright in his introduc... provides particulars of omis... ...and additions from the earlier ...ections of 1858 — though it ... have been easier to follow ... had been given in some way ...han by references in the notes. ...right also supplies an appendix ...a material, and shows acquain... ...with the latest research on the ...tures of a Younger Son. He is ...lative of Trelawny's qualities ... man and an author—a ... If ever there was one— ...on the matter of his ...to fact the comparison ...Madox Ford will not please ...ers of either. Incidentally, ...nts of Dr Julius Millingen ...apers which show that Tre... ...uld not go over to the Turks ...captured by them, together ...group of Greeks and Philhel... ...nd allowed to continue as a ... It is also hardly fair to say he

Classics

EURIPIDES. *The Bacchae and other plays.* Translated by Philip Vellacott. 249pp. Penguin. Paperback, 40p.

In this second edition Philip Vellacott has rewritten the dialogue of *The Women of Troy* and *The Bacchae* in verse, leaving prose for that of the two "comedies" *Ion* and *Helen*. The introduction also has been largely rewritten, and the notes revised: all these changes are for the better.

Education

SIMR, MARY. *A Child's Eye View.* 142pp. Thames and Hudson. £2.50.

This well presented book summarizes Piaget's theories and then gives examples to show children in the stages of development which Piaget posited. Thus to demonstrate children's understanding of the concept of serial ordering there are pictures of Catherine trying to pin dolls' clothes on to a line in reverse order to those on a specimen line. Teachers will find useful ideas for experiments, and for parents this book will explain the purpose of much of what looks like play in the modern primary school.

History

GAMMON, SAMUEL RHEA. *Statesman and Schemer.* 296pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £5.25.

Samuel Rhea Gammon's life of the Tudor statesman William Paget is a study in political survival. Paget kept his head on his shoulders and his influence in government during four reigns when religious and secular policies were shifting and perilously uncertain. It was no small achievement, especially in one who had climbed to power from a humble origin, by his own abilities. But Paget was an opportunist, always prepared to adapt to changing times and, if necessary, to betray friends, as he did to Stephen Gardiner who had first helped him to rise. It may go to explain why he has not hitherto appealed to biographers. As a politician he had his failures: his advice to Protector Somerset was fatally disregarded, and he was a chief promoter of Mary Tudor's disastrous Spanish Match. Nevertheless he enjoyed the confidence of Henry VIII and his successors, who undoubtedly benefited from his experience as an administrator and diplomatist. Finally his biographer sums him up as a man loyal to his country but not to his friends, an opportunist and a *politique*.

JUDD, DENIS. *The House of Windsor.* 221pp. Macdonald. £3.50 (paperback, £1.95).

Informatively and with good taste, Denis Judd travels easily and enjoyably over recent royal history. Instead of attempting a chronological narrative from George V to the present day, the author groups his material according to events—war, sport, foreign tours and so on. He has been greatly helped by Alan Smith, who has chosen the illustrations.

Natural History

PROCTOR, MICHAEL, and YEO, PETER. *The Pollination of Flowers.* 418pp plus 200 plates. Collins. £4.

The combination of Michael Proctor's and Peter Yeo's botanical knowledge and entomological expertise is especially appropriate in the study of pollination, considered in the context of the biological information that has grown up in the past sixty years or so. After an historical introduction, the structure of the flower and the inflorescence is followed by a general account of pollination and fertilization, of the varied accessibility of nectar and of the types of insect visitors. Relatively primitive, radially symmetrical flowers, where nectar is often available by alighting on a platform, are pollinated by beetles, flies, butterflies, moths and wingless insects, as well as by the four-winged hymenoptera, including bees. Particular attention has been paid to the behaviour of bees, by observers in Europe and elsewhere, both for their action as pollinating agents and for their foraging behaviour. The pollination of zygomorphic flowers is more specialized because their floral tubes, of many shapes conceal the nectar which is only available to long-tongued insects except by biting through the tube. In this category the orchids stand alone in their variety and adaptations to insect pollination. Brief accounts of pollination by wind and water are given, and though the book concerns mainly British flora there is some reference to research in Europe and North America on relationships and mechanisms not represented in the British Isles. There are superb photographs of both flowers and insects, while numerous line drawings elucidate the relevant anatomy of pollinators and of the mechanisms by which the act of pollination is effected.

Science

BURKERT, WALTER. *Lore and Science in Ancient Pythagoreanism.* Translated by Edwin L. Minar, Jr. 535pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £12.50.

Lore and Science in Ancient Pythagoreanism is not so much a straight translation as an extensively revised English edition of W. Burkert's *Weisheit und Wissenschaft*, an important contribution to the study of Pythagoreanism originally published in 1962. References to work on the Pythagoreans that has appeared since the German edition are sparing, and comparatively few items have been added to the bibliography which can certainly not now claim to be up-to-date. On the other hand, for this English edition the material has been reorganized, many passages added and many (especially from the extensive Footnotes to the German version) omitted. Burkert has, moreover, modified his views on certain problems. He draws attention to two particular points in the preface to the English edition: "In the question of the 'discovery of the irrational', I have taken a stand which is less critical of the tradition; and more thorough acquaintance with ancient religion has pushed the concept of 'shamanism' further into the background." For Burkert's current views on many important problems, German and English scholars alike should refer to the English version, since on many points it supersedes the German.

Travel and Topography

WATKINS, MICHAEL. *Other Places.* 191pp. Ipswich: East Anglian Magazine. £2.95.

Michael Watkins's zest for travel is equalled by his evident zest for writing about it. His impressions of distant parts are conveyed in these brief sketches, reprinted from newspapers and periodicals and ranging over four continents. It is a lightning tour which leaves the reader somewhat breathless; but Mr Watkins is a lively and generally entertaining companion.

War

BRUCE, GEORGE. *The Burma Wars 1824-1886.* 179pp. Hart-Davis, MacGibbon. £3.95.

George Bruce has the knack of writing on military affairs in a way which attracts the general reader without causing raised eyebrows among the experts. His narrative is clear; he always provides useful maps; and he is at pains to collect contemporary illustrations which bring his subject to life. This book on the Burma Wars carries on in all three respects the standards of excellence shown in his earlier studies. The Burma Wars were controversial in the eyes of contemporaries; very strong feelings were expressed inside and outside Parliament over whether they were or were not justified. Quite a good case can be made out for the first and third. It is only the second war of which Britain had good reason to feel ashamed, for as George Bruce shows it was deliberately provoked by Commodore Lambert. Like the first, it was embarked upon rather casually by the Calcutta authorities, who seriously underestimated both the fighting qualities of the Burmese and the extreme difficulties of climate and terrain. Despite marked inferiority in equipment, the Burmese forces managed to inflict some quite serious reverses on the British invaders, and had they possessed training and discipline the upshot of the wars, except perhaps the third (where British superiority in weaponry proved irresistible), might have been different. There are some small points on which Mr Bruce's knowledge displays some gaps. Chittagong and Dacca were not provinces but districts. The remarks of General Paget, the Indian Commander-in-Chief at the time of the first war, expressing doubts about "how troops are to be created for attacking the vulnerable parts of the coast", is readily explained by the reluctance of several Indian Regiments to "cross the Black Water". Nor, perhaps, is it quite accurate to charge the Buddhist faith with producing a "pessimistic" outlook. All the same this is a thoroughly good book, which it is a pleasure to read.

LIBRARIANS

BOLTON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST as ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at Bolton Institute of Technology. Candidates should preferably be Chartered Librarians. Salary in accordance with Lancashire scale £1,55[illegible] to £1,92[illegible].

Appointment in accordance with N.J.C. conditions and subject to medical examination.

Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from Chief Administrative Officer, Bolton Institute of Technology, Deane Road, Bolton BL3 5AB, to whom completed application forms should be returned by Friday, 1st February 1974.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

£1,7[illegible] to £2,031

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified and experienced people for the POST of ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN at Battersea Park Library.

MUSIC LIBRARIAN

£2,031 to £2,340

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified and experienced people for the POST of MUSIC LIBRARIAN at one of the five music libraries in Wandsworth.

Application forms and job descriptions available from Borough Librarian, London Borough of Wandsworth, West Hill Library, West Hill, S.W.18. Closing date for completed application forms is 1 February, 1974.

CITY OF COVENTRY

LIBRARIES ARTS AND MUSEUMS DEPARTMENT

ASSISTANT HOSPITAL LIBRARIAN (Based at Walsgrave Hospital)

Librarian's Scale (£1,692-£2,335)

Duties include assisting the Hospital Librarian in the running of the two departments of the Hospital Library Service, namely The General Hospital and The Psychiatric Hospital Libraries.

Application forms and further particulars from the Director of Libraries Arts and Museums Department, Administration, Bayley Lane, Coventry CV1 5RG. Returnable by 28th January, 1974.

UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA

APPLICATIONS are invited for a post of PRINCIPAL LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the university library, starting salary at an appropriate point on the scale £1,977 to £2,535. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians with relevant experience, ideally in an academic library.

The post offers scope for a professionally qualified non-graduate librarian able to take charge of the day to day administration of a library service, in this instance probably the periodical department.

Applications, giving full particulars of age, qualifications and experience together with the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the Librarian, University of East Anglia, Norwich NOR 88C, from whom further particulars are available, as soon as 4th February, 1974.

GATESHEAD TECHNICAL COLLEGE

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN

Applicants should be chartered librarians; the person appointed will be required to develop the library and its service within the College.

Salary AP Grade 3—£1,926-£2,335 per annum.

Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Registrar, Gateshead Technical College, Durham Road, Gateshead NE9 5BN. Closing date for receipt of applications as soon as possible.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, with special responsibility for work with children, Hoddesdon Branch Library. A.P. II/III. Minimum qualification: Part 1 of the Library Association Examination. Removal expenses, lodging and travelling allowance where appropriate.

Particulars from County Librarian, County Hall, Hertford SG13 8EJ. Applications within 14 days.

HOCKERILL COLLEGE

Bishop's Stortford

(College of Education for 500 men and women students)

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians or have passed Part II of the Library Association examinations.

Salary on Librarians' scale, rising to £1,926 (Bar) to £2,235, starting point dependent on qualifications and experience. Closing date 4th February, 1974.

Further particulars from the Principal, Hockerill College, Dunmow Road, Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire. CM23 5HO.

KNOWSLEY DISTRICT COUNCIL

APPLICATIONS are invited for vacant POSTS in the following Department for Local Government Officers in England and Wales (excluding London).

LIBRARIES

BRANCH LIBRARIAN S.O. 1.

CATALOGUER A.P. 3.

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANTS Librarian Scale.

ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN Librarian Scale.

Applications stating age, present employer, salary and previous experience must be submitted to me by the 25th January, 1974. Two referees should be quoted. Staff Commission has agreed to the placing of this advertisement.

D. Willgoose, Clerk and Chief Executive.

Council Offices, Archway Road, Huyton, via Liverpool L36 9UX.

LOUGHBOROUGH TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Principal: E. Lester, B.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.I.C.

SCHOOL OF LIBRARIANSHIP

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified LIBRARIANS with experience in information retrieval work for the post of Lecturer Grade II/Senior Lecturer in the School of Librarianship. Responsibilities include teaching of the theory and practice of information storage, retrieval and dissemination. It is desirable that applicants should have had experience with automated systems.

Salary will be within the Lecturer II scale—Burnham (F.E.) 1973 scale £2,[illegible] to £[illegible] or Senior Lecturer scale (£[illegible] to £[illegible]) dependent on qualifications and experience.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Loughborough Technical College, Radmoor, Loughborough, Leicestershire, LE11 3BT, to whom completed applications should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

Applications are invited from serving Local Government Officers in England (excluding London) and Wales for the post of

Divisional Children's Librarian, Bletchley

Based at Woburn Sands Library

Salary: A.P. 4/5, £2,235-£2,820 p.a.

NJC Conditions of Service. Successful applicant subject to medical examination.

Removal expenses of up to £115 and lodgings allowance of £5 per week pending removal. Mortgage advances and guarantees also available in certain circumstances.

Applications (no forms) together with the names and addresses of two referees to the County Librarian, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 31st January, 1974, from whom further details may be obtained.

This advertisement appears with the approval of the Staff Commission.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF VETERINARY SURGEONS' WELLCOME LIBRARY

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required, preferably with experience and library assistant's certificate. Pleasant working conditions and surroundings. Salary £1,263 (at age 21) rising to £1,776 plus L.V.s (under review). Hours 9.15 to 5.

Applications, giving details of age and experience to the Librarian, R.C.V.S., 32 Belgrave Square, SW1X 8QP.

ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS required in preparation for opening of medical library in new Royal Free Hospital at Hampstead in 1974.

Salary scales: £1,278 to £1,554; £1,554 to £2,034; 30 working days holiday.

Apply with names of two referees to the School Secretary, Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine, 8 Hunter Street, London WC1N 1BP. Tel.: 01-837 5385.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

JUNIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT, with typing, for Reference Library. 5-day week, 9.00 to 5.15.—Apply: Personnel Officer, R.N.I.B., 224 Gt. Portland Street, London W1N 6AA.

BOROUGH OF SCUNTHORPE

SCUNTHORPE PUBLIC LIBRARIES

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS in the Central Library. These are new posts as a result of the imminent opening of the newly built Central Library.

ARTS LIBRARIAN. Librarians Scale, to organise and control the Arts aspects of the lending services including non-book materials, and a comprehensive arts reference service. He will also be involved in a range of arts extension activities including recitals and exhibitions.

Two posts SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS. Librarians' Scale. These are additional posts, one in the lending library and one in the reference library. In each case the senior assistant will be expected to undertake the full range of professional duties normal to the department, and deputise for the Heads of Sections in their absence.

Applications should be submitted to The Borough Librarian, Central Library, Market Hill, Scunthorpe, on or before 28th January, 1974.

LONDON BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK

LIBRARY SERVICES

DEPUTY YOUTH LIBRARIAN

AP 4 £2,235 to £2,535 plus £144 London Weighting

Qualified LIBRARIAN experienced in work with young people to assist Youth Librarian with the busy programme of children's activities in eighteen libraries and liaison with schools and pre-school groups.

Ref.: TL/7/4891.

CHILDREN'S ASSISTANT

AP 2 £1,644 to £1,926 plus £144 London Weighting

A qualified LIBRARIAN is required who will feel capable of taking charge of the children's library at one of the branches in Southwark where a number of children are more than usually deprived and undisciplined. A challenging post for a dedicated librarian!

Ref.: TL/7/4892.

Closing date: 4th February, 1974.

Application forms are available, quoting reference and job title, from the Personnel and Management Services Division, 27 Peckham Road, SE5 8UB. Tel.: 01-701 2870 (24 hour recording service).

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS

LIBRARY ADMINISTRATION

The Royal Institute of British Architects needs an Administration Assistant in its busy library which covers all aspects, past and present of architecture and the environment.

The successful applicant will have a wide range of tasks in helping with the management and administration of the library and the R.I.B.A. Drawings Collection. This is a responsible post calling for wit, judgment, decisiveness, the ability to get on with others and a sense of humour. Typing is essential.

Starting salary depending on qualifications and experience, will not be less than £1,650. Working hours 9.30 to 5.30, no Saturdays; subsidised lunches, minimum 18 working days' annual leave.

Please apply giving details of qualifications and experience to:

Personnel Officer,
Royal Institute of British Architects,
66 Portland Place, London W1N 4AD
telephone 01-580 5533, ext. 297

CORPORATION OF DUNDEE

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS (Two)

Salary scale—Librarians grade (£1,809-£2,235)

Applications are invited from suitably experienced chartered librarians for the above posts. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Successful applicants will be required to undertake general professional duties throughout the library service.

TRAINEE LIBRARIANS (Two)

Salary scale maximum £1,692

Applications are invited from student librarians who have completed post-graduate library school training, or who have completed or will shortly complete the Professional Examination of the Library Association.

Application forms for above posts may be obtained from the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Albert Square, Dundee.

Applications should be returned to the undersigned by 2nd February, 1974.

Gordon S. Watson, Town Clerk.
City Chambers, Dundee.

NORWICH PUBLIC LIBRARIES

SENIOR ASSISTANT

Librarian's Grade (bar) £1,353-£1,926

Minimum qualification: Part I of the Library Association examination.

Commencing salary according to qualifications (£1,644 for Part II).

Removal expenses and assistance with housing where appropriate.

The post may be in any department of the Norwich Public Libraries, and the person appointed will be given every opportunity of varied experience.

Applications with the names of 2 referees, to the City Librarian, Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich, NOR 57E, by February 1st.

THAMES POLYTECHNIC

LIBRARIAN, GRADE III

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified LIBRARIANS, preferably with academic or other appropriate library experience, for a post of assistant librarian to undertake varied professional duties including cataloguing and reference work. A knowledge of the literature of Engineering or Science or of work with periodicals might be an advantage.

Salary scale: £2,073-£2,571.

Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Thames Polytechnic, Wellington Street, London SE18 6PF, to whom completed applications should be returned by 31st January, 1974.

LONDON BOROUGH OF WALTHAM FOREST

LIBRARIES & THE ARTS DEPARTMENT

SENIOR ASSISTANT—JUNIOR & SCHOOLS LIBRARY SERVICE

APPLICATIONS are invited from Librarians with at least Part II Examination of the Library Association for this newly created POST.

Salary Scale AP.2/3 £1,749 to £2,340 per annum inclusive.

The person appointed will be expected to assist the Librarian-in-Charge in promoting full use by young persons of the Library Service throughout the Borough.

Application forms and further details from the Personnel Officer, Town Hall, Forest Road, London, E17 4JF. (Tel. 01-527 5544 ext. 301.) Closing date: 1st February, 1974. Quote Ref. J 360.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required for academic library. Suitable for applicant intending to obtain qualifications. Five-day week.—Apply to Librarian, Royal Statistical Society, 21 Bentinck Street, London, W.1.

CHARTERED (or Qualified) LIBRARIANS required for Cataloguing Department of University Library. Salary Scale £1,926 to £2,235 (Chartered Librarians) or £1,644 to £1,926 (Qualified Librarians). One post requires a knowledge of Russian. Applications (one copy) naming two referees, and stating age, qualifications and experience, should be sent to the Librarian, Main Library, University of Birmingham, P.O. Box 363, Birmingham, B15 2TT (from whom further details may be obtained) not later than 28th January, 1974.

Assistant Librarian

Woman Chartered Librarian, possibly with experience in library work concerning business subjects, required by Professional Association. Duties will include cataloguing, classification, answering enquiries and other general work. Typing essential. Salary £2,000 p.a. plus luncheon vouchers. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., Monday to Friday. 3 weeks' holiday.

Please write or telephone stating age, qualifications and experience with names of two referees to:

The Librarian, Association of Certified Accountants, 23 Bedford Square, London, WC1B 3HS. Telephone 01-636 9129 extensions 19/20.

oxford polytechnic

Applications are invited for the post of

Sub-Librarian

(Salary AP4)
(£2,235-£2,535)

with special responsibility for book ordering and accessions.

Further details and application forms available from

**The Administrator
Oxford Polytechnic,
Oxford, OX3 0BP**

UNITED OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIV. CLUB

LIBRARIAN

First task will be to integrate the libraries of the former Oxford and Cambridge and United University Clubs following their merger, including the rearrangement and recataloguing of books. Regular duties to advise on the policy for and purchase of books, to provide and maintain up-to-date reference facilities and the usual library services.

This is a full-time appointment, but working hours are flexible. Salary about £1,800 per annum.

Reply in the first instance, in confidence, to Sir Robert Speed, United Oxford and Cambridge University Club, 71 Pall Mall, London, SW1Y 5HD.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

SCHOOL OF SLAVONIC AND EAST EUROPEAN STUDIES

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT, with a professional qualification or degree, cataloguing experience, and a knowledge of Russian, required chiefly for cataloguing duties. Salary on scale £1,251 by £66 to £1,620 by £69 to £2,034 or £1,995 by £75 to £2,445 according to qualifications and experience.

Details from the Secretary-Registrar, School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, Senate House, London WC1E 7HU, to whom applications, with the names of two referees, should be made by Monday, 28th January, 1974.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

APPOINTMENT anticipated for Assistant or Associate Professor in Dramatic Literature, with particular qualifications in Renaissance Drama. Qualifications to include the Ph.D., teaching experience, experience in the supervision of graduate work and publications. Duties include 7-9 hours of graduate and under-graduate teaching per week and supervision of M.A. and Ph.D. students. Appointment effective July 1, 1974.—Apply to Dr James Gray, Chairman, Department of English, Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3H 3J5, Canada. Deadline for receipt of applications is January 31, 1974.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HILLINGDON

MUSIC LIBRARY

Two posts

AP 3 £2,031-£2,340 incl. L.W. and Librarian's G[illegible] £1,458-£2,340 incl. L.W., as Librarian in Charge, Assistant in the Gramophone Record and [illegible] Library Ref. L/25/7X.

HOSPITAL AND WELFARE SERVICES

Librarian

in Charge of this expanding and developing ser[illegible] Salary AP 4/5 £2,340-£2,925 incl. L.W. Ref. L/2[illegible] Applicants for the above posts should have ap[illegible] priate qualifications and preferably be Char[illegible] Librarian's. Hospital and Welfare Librarian [illegible] have a current driving licence.

Application forms and further details from Personnel Officer, Belmont House, 38 Ma[illegible] Square, Uxbridge UB8 1TR, quoting appropri[illegible] reference. Tel. Uxbridge 38290, ext.[illegible] Closing date 1 Febr[illegible]

WESTERN EDUCATION AND LIBRARY BOARD

needs urgently

HYPERLIBRARIAN

with ultracapability and panache, and prep[illegible] with ideas, to run the largest division of this service. The post is officially desig[illegible] DIVISIONAL LIBRARIAN—LONDONDERRY, salary scale AP5-SO1 (£2,535-£3,16[illegible]) present.

Further details and forms from the Pers[illegible] Officer, Western Education and Library B[illegible] Hospital Road, Omagh, returnable by [illegible] February, 1974.

The British Council

London Headquarters

requires a

COPY-*EDITOR*

and

PROOF-READER

to join lively team producing British Book News. Chiefly editorial work including compiling lists of forthcoming books but must be willing to turn his/her hand to anything. Experience essential, preferably in academic publishing; knowledge of indexing and Dewey decimal classification system desirable.

Salary scale subject to early review. At present age pointed up to £1,738 at age 25 rising to £2,463. Fo[illegible] weeks annual leave. Non-contributory superannuation scheme with transfer arrangements.

Write quoting G/1/C8, to Staff Recruitment Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London W1Y 2A[illegible] for further particulars and application form to be submitted by 8th February, 1974.

COLLEGE OF LIBRARIANSHIP WALES

LIAISON AND TRAINING OFFICERS (2 Posts)

Applications are invited for two vacant posts in Liaison and Tr[illegible] Services.

One post has become vacant among the existing team of LTO[illegible] the other is a newly created post for an LTO with a full time [illegible] ment to Welsh activities.

Candidates for both posts should be Fellows of the Library [illegible] tion or graduates with Professional qualifications. In addition [illegible] with responsibility for Wales must be fluent in Welsh.

Successful candidates will be members of the academic staff [illegible] College, may undertake some lecturing and will be involved [illegible] provision of short courses.

Salaries will be on the Lecturer Grade II (Burnham F.E.) Scale [illegible] (£3,243).

Further particulars of both posts may be obtained from the Reg[illegible] Applications, stating age, present post and salary, educational [illegible] ground, professional and other qualifications and previous exp[illegible] together with the names of three referees, should be sent [illegible] Registrar, College of Librarianship Wales, Llanbadarn Fawr, [illegible] wyth, SY23 3AS, Cardiganshire, to reach him no later [illegible] February, 1974.

Middlesex Polyte[illegible]

Trainee Librarian

A Library Assistant is required for a wide range of general [illegible] library at the Hendon site. This is a trainee post and whilst [illegible] of library work it will involve specific training in all aspects of [illegible] work.

This post would be particularly suitable for candidates who have [illegible] completed their studies and now seek to complete the approp[illegible] approved service required by the Library Association for candidates [illegible] become Chartered Librarians.

Salary will be at an appropriate point on the Trainee Scale, [illegible] £777 to £1,797.

Write now for an application form from: The Appointments Officer, Polytechnic, Queensway, Enfield, EN3 4SF. Ref. TLS/1/18.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

INDIA OFFICE LIBRARY AND RECORDS

(FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH OFFICE)

CLERICAL OFFICER

(LIBRARY AND ARCHIVE ASSISTANT) POSTS

Vacancies exist for men and women between the ages of 16 and 50 for appointment to full-time posts. The posts would appeal to either school-leavers, or to more mature and experienced persons with an interest in library or record office work.

Qualifications

5 "O" levels or their equivalent, but candidates with relevant knowledge or experience may be considered.

Salary

£804 at 16, £879 at 17, £970 at 18, £1,064 at 19, £1,150 at 20, £1,265 at 21, £1,318 at 22, £1,378 at 23, £1,433 at 24, £1,488 at 25 or over and then by seven annual increments to a maximum of £1,776. New scales to be issued shortly.

Appointments will in the first place be on an unestablished basis, but may lead after six months satisfactory service, to permanent and pensionable posts. 5-day week generally, 18 days annual leave with pay.

Please apply in writing for further information and application form to G. R. Bishop, Administration Officer, India Office Library and Records, 197 Blackfriars Road, London, SE1 8NG. Closing date for the receipt of completed application forms 1st February.

WEST YORKSHIRE

METROPOLITAN COUNTY

COUNTY ARCHIVIST

Applications for appointment as County Archivist are invited from qualified archivists at present employed as local government officers in England (excluding London) and Wales.

The County Archivist will be required to establish an archives service and, to this end, to work closely with district councils.

In particular, his duties will include the preparation of relevant publications and the cultivation of good public relations by means of lectures, exhibitions and discussions.

The archives will include the records of the former West Riding Registry of Deeds and the Registry's microfilming, photocopying and bookbinding facilities.

Salary: PO II C (A.P.T. and C. Scales) £4,860 to £5,367.

Written applications, giving full personal details and experience, the names and addresses of two referees and business and home telephone numbers of the applicant, should be sent to the Director of Administration, Room 28, County Hall, Wakefield, WF1 2QW. Closing date: 28th January, 1974.

This advertisement appears after consultation with the Local Government Staff Commission for England.

Assistant Schools Librarian

£1,926—£2,235

For lower Schools based at the County Library Headquarters, Bedford.

School Librarian

£1,926—£2,235

To be responsible for the library and resources centre at the new Hastingsbury Upper School, Kempston, Bedford.

Applicants for the above posts must be Chartered Librarians with suitable experience who are willing to join the team of librarians working in the expanding School Library Service.

Further particulars and application forms for these two posts are obtainable from the County Librarian, County Central Library, County Hall, Bedford. Tel.: 0234 56181. Closing date for applications 28th February, 1974.

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

BURY METROPOLITAN DISTRICT COUNCIL

DEPARTMENT OF LIBRARIES AND ARTS

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the following positions. Salary: Librarians' Scale £1,353 to £2,235. Preference will be given to Chartered Librarians.

ASSISTANT LENDING LIBRARIAN

Duties are basically in the fields of readers' advisory work, stock editing and general support work in the Central Lending Library, Bury.

ASSISTANT CATALOGUER

This officer will act as Assistant to the Chief Cataloguer in the Bibliographical Services Section. Preference will be given to persons with experience or special qualifications in the field of classification and cataloguing.

LIBRARIAN

MUSIC & GRAMOPHONE RECORD LIBRARIES

The person appointed will be responsible for the maintenance and development of the music and gramophone record library service.

Applicants must be currently employed by Local Authorities in England (excluding London) and Wales.

Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Chief Executive, Bury Metropolitan District Council, Town Hall, Bury BL9 0SW, closing date 4th February, 1974.

(This advertisement has been issued after consultation with the Local Government Staff Commission.)

JAMES A. McDONALD,
Chief Executive.

Librarians

In Government Departments

There are vacancies in the following Government Departments for candidates with professional qualifications and some practical experience.

Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food
Central Veterinary Laboratory, New Haw, Weybridge, Surrey (part-time post).

Ministry of Defence
Royal Naval Engineering College, Mandon, Plymouth.

Department of the Environment
Property Services Agency, Lambeth Bridge House, London, SE1.
Sub-Library, St. Christopher House, London, SE1.

Forestry Commission
Research Station, Alice Holt Lodge, Nr. Farnham, Surrey.

Department of Trade and Industry
Headquarters Libraries, Central London (4 posts).
Safety in Mines Research Establishments, Buxton.

Starting salary may be above the minimum of the scale £1,263-£2,288 (under review); £175 higher in London; pro-rata for part-time appointment. Promotion prospects for full-time Librarians. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For full details and an application form (to be returned by 30 January, 1974) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 1JD, or telephone BASINGSTOKE 29222 ext. 500, quoting G(1)/624/2.

PART TIME LIBRARIAN

required for busy professional office of Consulting Civil and Transportation Engineers in WEST END OF LONDON. No discrimination on age or sex, but we do require a Chartered Librarian to attend on a regular agreed basis and assume full responsibility for our library, information and retrieval service. Applicants are invited to write with brief career details to

J. F. G. Fairholme
Administrator
JAMIESON MACKAY & PARTNERS
197-213 Oxford Street,
London W1R 1AH
Telephone 01-439 4321

India Office Library

RESEARCH ASSISTANTS

The Library holds collections of printed books and manuscripts in oriental and European languages and oriental and western drawings.

European Printed Books Section
(at least one post) where duties include library enquiry work, supervision of the loans desk, cataloguing, and responsibility for serials and binding. Candidates must be qualified librarians (or expect to be so by February, 1974) with some practical experience, and should preferably have a degree in an arts subject and a knowledge of at least one foreign European language.

Oriental Books and Manuscripts Section
(one post) to have overall responsibility for co-ordinating work on the serials in oriental languages, and to work particularly on the Islamic and Sanskrit collections, ordering books, maintaining and cataloguing the serials. Candidates must have a degree in oriental languages preferably including an Islamic language (eg Arabic or Urdu) and a knowledge of Sanskrit. An approved qualification in librarianship would be an advantage.

Salary (under review): Research Assistant, Grade I, £2,251-£2,842; Research Assistant, Grade II, £1,493-£2,352. Starting salary may be above the minima. Level of appointment according to age, qualifications and experience. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For full details and an application form (to be returned by 8 February, 1974) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants RG21 1JB, or telephone BASINGSTOKE 29222 ext. 500 or LONDON 01-839 1992 (24 hour answering service), quoting G(48)/382/2.

TRAINEE PROFESSIONAL LIBRARIAN

(Salary £1,692 for candidate having completed professional examinations)

Applications are invited from graduates who have completed their course at a Library School and who require one year's qualifying experience in a progressive public library service before becoming Chartered.

The successful candidate will join a team of six professional librarians in the General Collections at the new Central Library. The duties of the post will be mainly concerned with giving advice to readers at the bibliographical services desk, which is the focal point for all general reference and lending enquiries.

The appointment is for one year in the first instance, although it is expected that with Local Government Reorganisation in April, 1974, when the present City Libraries will become part of the new County of Oxfordshire, the opportunity will exist for transfer to a permanent post for a Chartered Librarian.

Applications to the City Librarian, Oxford City Libraries, Central Library, Westgate, Oxford, OX1 1DJ.

City of Oxford

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

£1,749-£2,031

Required for various Branch Libraries. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. Applicants should have passed or be awaiting the results of Part 2 of the Library Association Professional Examination.

Application forms from the Director of Libraries, Arts and Entertainments, Central Library, Cecil Road, Enfield, Middlesex EN2 6TW (01-366 2244) to be returned by 1st February. Please quote ref. SAL/84.